

# THE SPIRITUALIST

## AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY, PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

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### LAND AHEAD.

Land ahead! Land whose golden shore  
We long have sought o'er the ocean waves,  
Where the surges lash and the tempest raves,  
And the angry breakers roar!

Land ahead! Land of unfading light!  
We cannot see, yet we know it is there,  
With its waters still and its pastures fair—  
The land that knoweth no night!

Land ahead! Land of the loved and blest!  
Our voyage has been long on Life's stormy sea,  
But the waves grow calm and the shadows flee,  
As we near the Haven of Rest.

Land ahead! Home of the tempest-tossed!  
The breezes freshen—our canvas fills—  
We are nearing apace the Promised Hills,  
Where dwell our loved and lost!

Land ahead! It is the long-sought shore!  
Our Captain's chart is true, His promise sure—  
His Kingdom shall forevermore endure—  
See! our voyage is almost o'er.

Land ahead! Land of an endless sun!  
Blow! ocean winds—speed us quickly on—  
See! lifts the shadows—the race is nearly won—  
Hail! Heavenly Land—we come!

### From the Atlantic for December. RESULTS FROM MY SPIRITUAL STUDIES.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

"Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown  
Question us now from star and stone;  
Too little or too much we know,  
And sight is swift and faith is slow:  
The power is lost to self-deceive  
With shallow forms of make-believe."—Whittier.

A modern dynasty is assuming control in the region of mind. Throughout the civilized world the reign of the Miraculous is gradually losing power and prestige, superseded by the reign of Law.

It would be hazardous to say of any great principle which has had its day, that it has not had its use also. But though the romantic polytheism which makes brilliant the great epic of Homer may have suited well the epoch-in-progress of ancient Greece, yet, in our day, no one but an enthusiastic poet like Schiller will lament that the gods of Greeland have vanished in the dim distance of the past; that their king, with thunderbolt in hand, has been dethroned, to make way for lectures on electricity and kites drawing lightning from the clouds; that Phœbus is ousted from his chariot, his four-yoked steeds useless ever since Copernicus brought the sun to a standstill; that Neptune has lost to the mariner's compass the scepter of the sea, and Pluto to penal flames, that are dying out in their turn, the dominion of the Underworld; that in these days of cannon and breech-loaders and protocols, Mars no longer leads armies to the field, nor Minerva statesmen to the cabinet; that dryads and nymphs have deserted forest and fountain, as the bear and the buffalo disappear, before the sweep of civilization.

As monotheism, despite poetic regrets, befits a later stage of the world than polytheism, so the persistent uniformity of law is an advance, timely and welcome in our modern day, on that scheme of the arbitrary and the exceptional which is based on miracle-working—welcome to the thoughtful and dispassionate observer, but abhorrent to the mere dogmatic theologian: yet, welcome or unwelcome in certain quarters, a truth that has already made its way to respect, and is sure to prevail.

I use the word miracle, not in its etymological sense, as a something to be wondered at, nor, as Archbishop Tillotson and Bishop Butler have spoken of it, [it] as an occurrence which is not "like the known course of things," or which "exceeds any natural power that we know of to produce it;" but according to its popular, orthodox meaning, as a suspension, on a special emergency and for the time only, of a law of nature, by the direct intervention of the Deity; we may add (for that is the usual allegation) in attestation of some truth. And as to the miraculous in this sense, we find it rejected to-day as a superstition, not by the secularist or the skeptic alone, but by men of

repute and position in the orthodox ranks. One or two examples, out of many, may suffice.

The Rev. Frederick Temple, D. D., in a sermon before the university of Oxford fourteen years ago, said: "One idea is now emerging into supremacy in science, \* \* \* and that is the idea of law. All analogy points one way, none another. \* \* \* How strikingly altered is our view from that of a few centuries ago is shown in the fact that the miracles recorded in the Bible, which once were looked on as the bulwarks of the faith, are now felt by very many to be difficulties in their way." [2]

That so free an expression of opinion did not injure the reputation of the preacher may be judged from the fact that he has since become one of the chief dignitaries of the Anglican church; having been, a few years since, installed as Bishop of Exeter.

The Duke of Argyll is a Scottish Presbyterian. He has written a volume on the changeless rule of law, which has attracted great attention; reaching its fifth edition in fifteen months. The tenor and drift of its argument may be judged from this extract:

"The idea of natural law, the universal reign of a fixed order of things, has been casting out the supernatural. This idea is a product of that immense development of physical sciences which is characteristic of our times. We cannot read a periodical nor go into a lecture-room without hearing it expressed." [3]

Another name, eminent alike in physical science and in sacred learning, may be added. The late Baden Powell, in his contribution to Essays and Reviews has this passage: "The modern turn of reasoning adopts the belief that a revelation is then most credible when it appeals least to violations of natural causes. Thus, if miracles were, in the estimation of a former age, among the chief supports of Christianity, they are at present among the main difficulties and hindrances to its acceptance." [4]

One can hardly overestimate the consequences of this radical change in public opinion. The most marvelous of the discoveries made by Galileo's telescope, the greatest of the principles enunciated by Newton does not lead to effects so far-reaching—so intimately connected with man's well-being, physical, moral, spiritual—as the conviction that if the Deity permits man to acquire knowledge touching the existence and the character of a life to come, it is not after a partial and exceptional fashion, by an obtrusive suspension of his own laws, for the benefit of a few favored children of preference, but under the operation of the universal order of nature, to the common advantage of all his creatures, in silent impartiality and harmony, as he causes the morning sun to rise and the evening dews to fall.

That conviction, when generally diffused, will work a revolution in all the great religions of the world. For these are based on the belief that certain sacred books, authenticated by miracles, come from the source of unerring truth, and are therefore, word by word infallible. [5]

This idea upset, it may seem as if men were cast adrift on the spiritual ocean, without rudder or compass. But this is a mistake.

It is true that under the new order of things the sacred books of the world become part of its literature, and thus are legitimate objects of criticism. Under that aspect it is right that they should be passed in review by reason, as all important works on the physical sciences are; it is right that conscience should sit in judgment on the sentiments they contain, and sift the dross from the fine gold. And even if this were not right, there is no help for it; on no other condition can the fine gold itself be preserved. But there will come ultimate good, not harm, to religion from such a process, if only reason and conscience are educated up to the task.

Doubtless there is danger, as in all great revolutions there ever is; but there is also a way out of that danger to ultimate safety. The danger is, that in discarding the miraculous, which deforms and misleads, there may

be discarded also, along with it, the wisest teachings and the highest spiritual truths. This applies to all great religions; for, if we recur to them in their primitive purity, [6] we shall find much worth admiring and saving in them all.

But let us take a single example, and bring the case home to ourselves, who, I think, have the most at stake in this matter.

If natural law be invariable, then either the wonderful works ascribed by the evangelists to Jesus and his disciples were not performed, or else they were not miracles.

If they were not performed, then Jesus, assuming to perform them, lent himself, as Renan and others have alleged, to deception. This theory disparages his person and discredits his teachings.

But if they were performed, under natural law enduring from generation to generation, then, inasmuch as the same laws under which these marvelous occurrences took place have ever existed, and still exist, we may look for phenomena of similar character throughout past history, and may expect their appearance at the present day.

If none such appear among us, then cultivated minds will settle down to the belief that they never appeared at all. For the time is passed when historical proof is held, by thoughtful and unprejudiced people, to be sufficient evidence for the existence, in ancient times, of the miraculous; even of the marvelous, when it is wholly unprecedented. If the electric telegraph had been invented and employed for a brief period two thousand years ago, and if telegraphy had then become one of the lost arts, the old records stating that men, thousands of miles distant from each other, once carried on daily conversation would be generally regarded as a mere fabulous legend.

In point of fact such is the judgment passed to-day upon the gospel biographies, when miraculously interpreted, by millions of skeptics in our own country, and by millions more in England [7] and in other European nations; the number of such unbelievers being constantly and rapidly on the increase.

This happens because the majority of the civilized world does not yet believe that spiritual phenomena similar to those which are reported to have occurred in the first century, being naturally possible, actually occur now, in the nineteenth.

But the main result from my eighteen years of spiritual study is an assured conviction that spiritual gifts, similar to those which the evangelists ascribe to Christ, and which Paul enumerates as enjoyed by certain Christians after the crucifixion, appear, and may be witnessed in their effects, at this very day among us. Having myself thus witnessed them in a hundred cases, and having found sufficient evidence of testimony in hundreds more, I can no longer withhold assent to the substantial truth of that portion of the gospel biography which narrates what its authors call the "signs and wonders" of their time. Making due allowance for incidental errors, I firmly believe that Jesus acted, in the main, as there represented, and that he claimed no powers which he did not actually possess. I believe in what orthodox regards as the crowning miracle of all, the bodily appearance of Christ, after death and on divers occasions, to his disciples. I believe that they saw him as naturally as one man sees another in daily life; that they touched him, heard him speak, and spoke to him in reply. I believe this, because I myself have day after day, for weeks, seen and touched and conversed with a materialized spirit; and, on one or two occasions, with several others. When I read that, "the doors being shut," Jesus suddenly appeared among his affrighted followers, or that, after talking with the two disciples at Emmaus, he "vanished out of their sight," I see no more reason for disbelieving this than for rejecting a thousand other historical incidents of as ancient date; seeing that, in a lighted room and with the doors so securely closed that entrance or exit was impossible, I have seen a materialized form, that had

spoken to me a few minutes before, disappear under my very eyes, then reappear and walk about as before; and this, at a distance from me of seven or eight feet only, and not once, but on five or six different occasions. In each case I had taken such vigilant precautions beforehand against possible deception, that I had no alternative except to admit that these marvelous phenomena were realities, or else to assume that the senses of sight, hearing, and touch are witnesses utterly unworthy to be trusted. In each case, also, others were present,—sometimes twenty persons or more,—from whom, on comparing notes, I learned that they too had seen and heard just what I myself had.

I cannot doubt that this extraordinary narrative with reach many who, without imputing to me insincerity, will conclude that in some way or other I must have been deceived. Such skepticism is natural, and if I had witnessed no more than they, I might probably have shared it. I remind such doubters, however, that very acute observers, English scientists of note,—to-wit, Mr. Crookes and Mr. Varley, both Fellows of the Royal Society, Mr. Alfred Wallace, who shares with Darwin the honor of having first put forth the principle of Natural Selection, and others almost as well known,—have, under the most stringent test conditions, verified this seemingly incredible phenomenon of materialization; have seen and touched, and familiarly talked with, living forms, not of this world; and have risked a scientific reputation that must be dear to them, by testifying to these marvelous facts, as I now do.

Of course they regard them as phenomena occurring under law. The all-sufficient proof is that, like chemical results in the laboratory, they appear under certain conditions; and that if these conditions are violated, the phenomena are not obtained. This I have seen verified on a hundred occasions: very strikingly, for example, in Philadelphia a few months since. The condition then violated was one, important under all circumstances, but absolutely essential in a spiritual circle—the maintenance of harmony. Tennyson—are not true poets seers?—saw and set forth the imperative character of this condition before modern Spiritualism was spoken of:

"How pure in heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affection bold,  
Should be the man whose thought would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead!

"In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
The spirits from their golden day,  
Except, like them, thou too canst say,  
My spirit is at peace with all.

"They haunt the silence of the breast,  
Imaginations calm and fair,  
The memory like a cloudless air,  
The conscience as a sea at rest:

"But when the heart is full of din,  
And doubt beside the portal waits,  
They can but listen at the gates  
And hear the household jar within."

The violation of the all-important condition above referred to happened about the 20th of last June. I had previously, at some fifteen circles, witnessed in the most satisfactory manner the various phases of materialization: but on this evening, ere the sitting began, some jealous feeling about preference in seats caused an excited discussion, in which charges of favoritism were somewhat bitterly made and earnestly disclaimed; the audience, numbering more than twenty, taking part, and one person indignantly leaving the room. When quiet was restored, we sat patiently for an hour and a half and obtained absolutely nothing—except a wholesome lesson. This was the only occasion, out of forty seances which I attended during June and July, on which the materialized forms failed to appear. [8]

The lesson thus taught us is one which has its wide-spread application in daily life. I think there would be far fewer jarings and heart-burnings in the domestic circle, if men and women but realized that, in admitting these, they shut the door on all helpful aid or guardian care that might otherwise reach them from the next world. It is not that benevolent



spirits are unwilling to enter, and, influence for good, a household thus distracted by dissensions; it is that, under a natural law, they are excluded, and so are deprived of power to help.

There are physical as well as moral conditions necessary to success in spiritual studies. In a general way I have abstained from attending dark circles; yet I have had conclusive proof that, in certain cases, darkness is essential if we would obtain the most striking results.

In October, 1860, I paid a visit, along with Mrs. Underhill (Leah Fox), her husband, and Kate Fox, to Quaker friends of theirs, Mr. and Mrs. Archer, then living in a large mansion near Dobbs' Ferry on the Hudson, in former days owned by Peter Livingston, and for a long term of years reputed to be haunted. After getting some remarkable manifestations in a bedroom, we adjourned, at my suggestion, to a spacious apartment, formerly Livingston's dining-hall, locked the doors, and were bidden, by the raps, to put out the lights. Before doing so, I procured from our Quaker hosts a candle and match-box, with their assent to use them at any moment. In less than two minutes after the lamps were extinguished, such a clatter began that it was heard and commented on by visitors in a room separated by two doors and a long passage from that in which we sat. There was a sound as if heavy metallic bodies, such as ponderous dumb-bells or weights, were rolled over the floor; then some weighty substances—iron rods and the like—seemed to be dragged by a rope back and forth, as much as twenty feet each way; and occasionally there were poundings as if with a large blacksmith's hammer, causing the floor to vibrate. At times the racket was so overpowering that we could scarcely hear one another speak.

Several times, when the clatter was at its height, I struck a light, and watched the effect. In every case the noise instantly diminished, and in eight or ten seconds everything was perfectly still. The light seemed to extinguish the sounds. An immediate search throughout the room was quite unavailing: not a thing but table and chairs to be seen! The sudden transition, without apparent cause, from such a babel of noises to a profound silence was a passing strange experience; such as few have had in this world.

Besides the necessity of conforming to certain conditions, mental and physical, there are other proofs that the phenomena usually classed as spiritual occur under law. Here is an example:

In the year 1853, a young gentleman whom I shall call Mr. X., then salesman in a retail store in Second Street, Philadelphia (not a Spiritualist), dreamed that the next day at twelve o'clock he would sell to a customer a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of *drap d'été* (summer cloth).

Going down to the store next morning he related his dream to a fellow clerk. "Nonsense!" was the reply; "the thing is impossible. You know very well we don't sell so large a lot of *drap d'été* to a customer once in ten years; and besides, you're not at that counter."

To this Mr. X. assented. But a little before midday, the salesman who usually attended at the counter where the article was for sale being casually called off, Mr. X., summoned to take his place, did so, he told me, under a feeling of strong nervous excitement. Almost exactly at twelve a customer approached the counter and asked for *drap d'été*. Mr. X. felt himself turn pale, and had hardly presence of mind enough to hand down the package. It turned out that the article was required for clothing in a public institution; and the bill was a hundred and forty-eight or a hundred and fifty-two dollars, Mr. X. did not recollect which.

The above was related to me, in July, 1859, by Mr. X., then in business for himself in Philadelphia; and I know enough of his character to warrant me in saying that the particulars here given may be confidently relied on, together with the assurance he gave me that there were no antecedent circumstances leading him, in any way, to expect such a sale.

Was it all chance coincidence—the unforeseen absence of the salesman, the exact hour of the sale, the specific article demanded, and the very unusual quantity, so closely approaching the amount actually sold? That is not credible. Equally incredible is it that the prediction was miraculous. Would the Deity suspend a law of the universe for a purpose so trivial as that! This particular sale was of no consequence to any human being, except only in so far as it indicated a great law; except only as proof that, when Paul enumerated, among the gifts common in the early Christian church, the gift of prophecy, he was speaking of a phenomenon which actually exists and which is not miraculous.

Thus a main result of my spiritual studies has been that they have disclosed to me certain phenomena, which, if they prove genuine, will ultimately be accepted by men of science and other skeptics as occurrences under law, and will disabuse their minds of a mischievous prejudice; mischievous in that it causes them to reject the histories of religion in general, and the biographies of Jesus in particular, as utterly incredible narrations. If these phenomena stand the test of inquiry, scientific materialists will gradually discover that, as part of the cosmical plan, there are intermundane, as well as mundane, phenomena; and thus, in the end, their sphere of experiment and observation will be immensely enlarged.

[a] See Tillotson's 182d sermon; and Butler's Analogy of Religion, part ii, chap. 2. It is remarkable that St. Augustine, more than fourteen centuries ago, regarded a miracle as a thing occurring not against nature but against what we know of nature: "Portentum ergo fit, non contra naturam, sed

contra quam est nota natura." De Civitate Dei, lib. xxi. cap. 8.

[b] This sermon was preached on Act Sunday, July 1, 1860, during the annual meeting (held that year at Oxford) of the British Association for the Promotion of Science. I was in England a few weeks later, and heard it generally spoken of in high terms of commendation.

[c] The Reign of Law. Strahan & Co., London, 1866: New York reprint, 1869, p. 3.

[d] On the study of the Evidences of Christianity. See Recent Inquiries in Theology, p. 158.

[e] This is quite as true in regard to the Mahometan and all the Oriental branches of orthodoxy—including the religions of nearly two-thirds of mankind—as it is of Christian orthodoxy, Protestant and Catholic.

"The idea of revelation, and I mean more particularly book-revelation, is not a modern idea, nor is it an idea peculiar to Christianity. . . . We find the literature of India saturated with this idea from beginning to end. . . . According to the orthodox views of Indian theologians, not a single line of the Vedas was the work of human authors." (Max Muller: Chips from a German Workshop, vol. i. pp. 17, 18. Amer. Ed.)

[f] That sagacious and deeply-read student of comparative religion, Max Muller, gives us, as one of the most important results of his studies in that branch, this opinion: "If there is one thing which a comparative study of religions places in the clearest light, it is the inevitable decay to which every religion is exposed. . . . No religion can continue to be what it was during the lifetime of its founder and its first apostles. . . . Every religion, even the most perfect (nay, the most perfect on account of its very perfection, more even than others), suffers from its contact with the world, as the purest air suffers from the mere fact of its being breathed." (Chips from a German Workshop, Preface, pp. xxii, xxiii. Amer. Ed.)

[g] For proof of this, drawn from official sources, see Debatable Land between this World and the Next, pp. 216-17; foot-note.

[h] It will not be suspected that the will of the mediums had anything to do in bringing about this result, when I state that, as they returned the money taken at the door, their loss, by the disappointment, was twenty dollars.

[To be continued.]

### SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

The opening address of Professor Tyndall, as president of the British Association for the advancement of science, at its meeting at Belfast, Ireland, on August 19, is likely to become a landmark in the modern debate between science and religion, and to constitute for some time the text for discussions not only of the religious and scientific press, but of all journals which criticise events as well as record them. We select the following extracts, which give the substance of the speaker's opinions upon the origin of life:

The origination of life is a point lightly touched upon, if at all, by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Spencer. Diminishing gradually the number of progenitors, Mr. Darwin comes at length to one "primordial form;" but he does not say, so far as I remember, how he supposes this form to have been introduced. He quotes with satisfaction the words of a celebrated author and divine, who had "gradually learned to see that it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe he created a few original forms capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that he required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of his laws." What Mr. Darwin thinks of this view of the introduction of life I do not know. Whether he does or does not introduce his "primordial form" by a creative act, I do not know. But the question will inevitably be asked, "How came the form there?" With regard to the diminution of the number of created forms, one does not see that much advantage is gained by it. The anthropomorphism, which it seemed the object of Mr. Darwin to set aside, is as firmly associated with the creation of a few forms as with the creation of a multitude. We need clearness and thoroughness here. Two courses, and two only, are possible. Either let us open our doors freely to the conception of creative acts or abandoning them, let us radically change our notions of matter. If we look at matter as pictured by Democritus, and as defined for generations in our scientific text-books, the absolute impossibility of any form of life coming out of it would be sufficient to render any other hypothesis preferable; but the definitions of matter given in our text-books were intended to cover its purely physical and mechanical properties. And, taught as we have been to regard these definitions as complete, we naturally and rightly reject the monstrous notion that out of such matter any form of life could possibly arise.

But are the definitions complete? Everything depends on the answer to be given to this question. Trace the line of life backwards and see it approaching more and more to what we call the purely physical condition. We reach at length those organisms which I have compared to drops of oil suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water. We reach the *protogenes* of Haeckel, in which we have "a type distinguishable from a fragment of albumen only by its finely granular character." Can we pause here? We break a magnet and we find two poles in each of its fragments. We continue the process of breaking, but however small the parts, each carries with it, though enfeebled, the polarity of the whole. And when we can break no longer we prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules. Are we not urged to do something similar in the case of life? Is there not a temptation to close to some extent with Lucretius when he affirms that "nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself, without the meddling of the gods?" or with Bruno, when he declares that matter is not "that mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb?" They are approaching us with accelerated speed, and it is not a matter of indifference whether

they are introduced with reverence or irreverence.

Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life. The "materialism" here enunciated may be different from what you suppose, and I therefore crave your gracious patience to the end. "The question of an external world," says Mr. J. S. Mill, "is the great battle-ground of metaphysics." Mr. Mill himself reduces external phenomena to "possibilities of sensation." Kant made time and space "forms" of our own institutions. Fichte, having first by the inexorable logic of his understanding, proved himself to be a mere link in that chain of eternal causation which holds so rigidly in nature, violently broke the chain by making nature and all that it inherits an apparition of his own mind. And it is by no means easy to combat such notions. For when I say I see you, and that I have not the least doubt about it, the reply is that what I am really conscious of is an affection of my own retina. And if I urge that I can check my sight of you by touching you, the retort would be that I am equally transgressing the limits of fact; for what I am really conscious of is, not that you are there, but that the nerves of my hand have undergone a change. All we hear and see and touch and taste and smell are, it would be urged, mere variations of our own condition, beyond which, even to the extent of a hair's breadth, we cannot go. That anything answering to our impressions exists outside of ourselves is not a fact, but an inference, to which all validity would be denied by an idealist like Berkeley, or by a skeptic like Hume.

Mr. Spencer takes another line. With him, as with the uneducated man, there is no doubt or question as to the existence of an external world. But he differs from the uneducated, who thinks that the world really is what consciousness represents it to be. Our states of consciousness are symbols of an outside entity which produces them and determines the order of their succession, but the real nature of which we can never know. In fact the whole process of evolution is the manifestations of a power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man. As little in our day as in the days of Job, can man by searching find this power out. Considered fundamentally, it is by the operation of an insoluble mystery that life is evolved, species differentiated, and mind unfolded from their prepotent elements in the immeasurable past.

There is, as you will observe, no very rank materialism here. The strength of the doctrine of evolution consists not in experimental demonstrations, (for the subject is hardly accessible to this mode of proof,) but in its general harmony with the method of nature as hitherto known. From contrast, moreover, it derives enormous relative strength. On the one side we have theory (if it could with any propriety be so called) derived, as were theories referred to at the beginning of this address, not from the study of nature, but from the observation of men—a theory which converts the power whose garment is seen in the visible universe into an artificer fashioned after the human model, and acting by broken efforts as man is seen to act. On the other side we have the conception that all we see around us, and all we feel within us—the phenomena of physical nature as well as those of the human mind—have their unsearchable roots in a cosmical life, if I dare use the term, an infinitesimal span of which only is offered to the investigation of man. And even this span is only knowable in part. We can trace the developments of a nervous system, and correlate with it the parallel phenomena of sensation and thought. We see with undoubting certainty that they go hand in hand. But we try to soar in a vacuum the moment we seek to comprehend the connection between them.

The doctrine of evolution derives man in his totality from the interaction of organism and environment through countless ages past. The human understanding, for example—that faculty which Mr. Spencer has turned so skillfully round upon its own antecedents—is itself a result of the play between organism and environment through cosmic ranges of time. Never surely did prescription plead so irresistible a claim. But then it comes to pass that, over and above his understanding, there are many other things appertaining to man whose prescriptive rights are quite as strong as that of the understanding itself. It is a result, for example, of the play of organism and environment that sugar is sweet and that aloes are bitter, that the smell of henbane differs from the perfume of a rose. Such facts of consciousness (for which, by the way, no adequate reason has ever yet been rendered,) are quite as old as the understanding itself, and many other things can boast of an equally ancient origin.

Mr. Spencer at one place refers to that most powerful of passions—the amatory passion—as one which, when it first occurs, is antecedent to all relative experiences whatever, and we may pass its claim as being at least as ancient and valid as that of the understanding itself. Then there are such things woven into the texture of man as the feeling of awe, reverence, wonder, and not alone the sexual love just referred to, but the love of the beautiful, physical and moral, in nature, poetry

and art. There is also that deep-set feeling which since the earliest dawn of history, and probably for ages prior to all history, incorporated itself in the religions of the world. You who have escaped from these religions into the high and dry light of the understanding may deride them, but in so doing you deride accidents of form merely, and fail to touch the immovable basis of the religious sentiment in the emotional nature of man. To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present hour. And grotesque in relation to scientific culture as many of the religions of the world have been and are dangerous, nay, destructive to the dearest privileges of freemen as some of them undoubtedly have been, and would, if they could, be again—it will be wise to recognize them as the forms of a force, mischievous if permitted to intrude on the region of knowledge, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided by liberal thought to noble issues in the region of emotion, which is its proper sphere.

It is vain to oppose this force with a view to its extirpation. What we should oppose, to the death, if necessary, is every attempt to found upon this elemental bias of man's nature a system which should exercise despotic sway over his intellect. I do not fear any such consummation. Science has already, to some extent, leavened the world, and it will leaven it more and more. I should look upon the mild light of science breaking in upon the minds of the youth of Ireland and strengthening gradually to the perfect day, as a surer check to any intellectual or spiritual tyranny which might threaten this island than the laws of princes or the swords of emperors.

Where is the cause of fear? We fought and won our battle even in the middle ages; why should we doubt the issue of a conflict now? The impregnable position of science may be described in a few words. All religious theories, schemes and systems which embrace notions of cosmogony, or which otherwise reach into its domain, must, in so far as they do this, submit to the control of science, and relinquish all thoughts of contradicting it. Acting otherwise proved disastrous in the past, and it is simply fatuous to-day. Every system which would escape the fate of an organism too rigid to adjust itself to its environment must be plastic to the extent that the growth of knowledge demands. When the truth has been thoroughly taken in rigidity will be relaxed, exclusiveness diminished, things now deemed essential will be dropped and elements now rejected will be assimilated. The lifting of the life is the essential point; and as long as dogmatism, fanaticism and intolerance are kept out, various modes of leverage may be employed to raise life to a higher level. Science itself not unfrequently derives motive power from an ultra-scientific source. \* \* \*

Science desires not isolation, but freely combines with every effort toward the bettering of man's estate. Single-handed, and not supported by outward sympathy, but by inward force, it has built at least one great wing of the many mansioned home which man in his totality demands. And if rough walls and protruding rafters indicate that on one side the edifice is still incomplete, it is only by wise combination of the parts required with those already irrevocably built that we can hope for completeness. There is no necessary incongruity between what has been accomplished and what remains to be done. The moral glow of Socrates, which we all feel by ignition, has in it nothing incompatible with the physics of Anaxagoras, which he so much scorned, but which he would hardly scorn to-day.

And here I am reminded of one among us [Carlyle] hoary, but still strong, whose prophetic voice some thirty years ago, far more than any other of his age, unlocked whatever life and nobleness lay latent in the most gifted minds—one fit to stand before Socrates or the Maccabean Eleazar, and to dare and suffer all that they suffered and dared—fit, as he once said to Fichte, "to have been the teacher of Stoa, and to have discoursed of Beauty and Virtue in the groves of Academe." With a capacity to grasp physical principles which his friend Goethe did not possess, and which even total lack of exercise has not been able to reduce to atrophy, it is the world's loss that he, in the vigor of his years, did not open his mind and sympathies to science and make its conclusions a portion of his message to mankind. Marvelously endowed as he was—equally equipped on the side of the heart and of the understanding—he might have done much toward teaching us how to reconcile the claims of both, and to enable them in coming times to dwell together in unity of spirit and in the bonds of peace.

And now the end is come. With more time, or greater strength or knowledge, what has been here said might have been better said, while worthy matters here omitted might have received fit expression. But there would have been no material deviation from the views set forth. As regards myself, they are not the growth of a day, and as regards you, I thought you ought to know the environment which, with or without your consent, is rapidly surrounding you, and in relation to which some adjustment on your part may be necessary. A hint of Hamlet's, however, teaches us all how the troubles of common life may be ended, and it is perfectly possible for you and me to purchase intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death. The world is not without refuges of this description, nor is it wanting of persons who seek their shelter and try to persuade others to do the same. I would exhort



you to refuse such shelter, to scorn such base repose; to accept, if the choice be forced upon you, commotion before stagnation, the leap of the torrent before the stillness of the swamp. In the one there is at all events life, and therefore hope; in the other none. I have touched on debatable questions, and led you over dangerous ground—and this partly with the view of telling you, and through you the world, that as regards these questions science claims unrestricted right of search. It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. I concede the possibility, deeming it indeed certain that these views will undergo modification.

But the point is, whether right or wrong, we claim the freedom to discuss them. The ground which they cover is scientific ground; and the right claimed is one made good through tribulation and anguish, inflicted and endured in darker times than ours, but resulting in the immortal victories which science has won for the human race. I would set forth equally the path of knowledge and the unquenchable claims of his emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy. The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakespeare; not only a Boyle, but a Raphael; not only a Kant, but a Beethoven; not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary; not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if still unsatisfied, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith—so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here attainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own need, then, in opposition to all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the knowing faculties, may be called the creative faculties of man. Here, however, I must quit a theme too great for me to handle, but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.

## TO THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH.

### INTRODUCTION.

Having, for the past seventeen years, under the divine influence of the departed, been shown and taught many things which are new in philosophy and astronomy, which will shortly come to pass, and designed by them that I should, while in this sphere, fully write out and publish in book form to the world; and feeling that it may be some little time yet before I shall be able to do so, the angels have shown me the following vision, which they wish me to publish now. And that the reader may the better understand the law whereby it may all be accomplished, by and through nature's laws, without a violation of any of them, I hereby submit a very short sketch of their working, to arrive at some of the main points in nature's unfolding of the planetary system. Although it requires a course of six lectures, with various diagrams, to fully explain all the various links in the great chain of nature's formation, still I feel that there are a few minds who will be able to grasp this philosophy, and by the assistance of large causality be able to understand how that all that is here written can be accomplished by and through nature's laws, and at the same time fulfill all of the prophecy to be found in the Bible in regard to the last great day, or end of the world, according to our present system of time, etc. You will notice that this was written for a newspaper article, hence condensed all that it could be.

I first sent it to S. S. Jones, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* at Chicago, with money to pay return postage if he could not publish it, on account of its great length, or for any other reason. It did not appear until several weeks after, and then he had taken the liberty to only publish a part of the introduction of my philosophy, and leave out the vision, and several paragraphs relating to it. Also altered the title, and (by mistake, I suppose,) gave the wrong initial to my name, viz., C. in place of E. Woodruff, and did not give my address. Consequently those interested in the philosophy could not correspond with me on the subject, for it always gives me much pleasure to answer all inquiries on this subject.

I have therefore had it published in full in the *News from the Spirit World*, through the kindness of its editor, Mrs. A. Buffum. And while yet in type, that it may have a still larger circulation, I have concluded to have a few thousand pamphlets struck off and distributed.

### THE VISION.

On the 26th of August, 1867, at half past two in the morning, while I lay in my bed, at the back part of my office, in a calm, wakeful state, an angel appeared to me who wished to show me things shortly to come to pass, and give me the precise time when they should come.

He says: Behold, and observe well what I am about to show you; write it down and proclaim it unto the people.

I looked, and I beheld the *Last Days*, when our present time should end and a new system

of time begin. It seemed that my vision covered the whole world at one glance.

It seemed that a new planet had been born into the solar system from the Sun, and that the extreme heat from the rays of the sun had charged the face of our earth very positive; and that our earth was being repelled much further from the sun; and that the starry heavens were fleeing away, no more to be seen as at present, as our earth passed away and left them.

The positive state of the earth threw up into the air its vapors, which produced a very thick, murky atmosphere, so much so that the sun was darkened and the moon looked as red as blood.

I stood speechless in his presence, as the awful panorama passed before my eyes. An awful trembling shook the earth from center to circumference. Earthquakes rent the earth in divers places, almost continually. Bursting volcanoes spouted high in the air, with melted lava from the bowels of the earth, while the ashes from the craters filled the air. Sweeping tornados passed over the earth in divers places, filling the air with huge fragments of debris matter. Many buildings fell to the ground, and many large bodies of water changed their location, caused by the upheaval of the earth where they were. And the icebergs of the North melted away. An immense volume of lava was poured out of the earth in Australia, flowing westward—part upon the sea and part upon the land—destroying about ninety thousand inhabitants. The immense heat which ascended from this lake of fire scattered and broke a belt of nebulous matter, which now surrounds this earth, which has been collecting since our moon was formed; and the hot and fiery ends of this belt were quickly repelled from each other, and rolled apart around this circle and came together on the opposite side from where it broke, which was negative, causing a great noise, and it formed another moon to this planet. And our present moon was repelled farther off from the earth until it looked only about one-half as large as usual, and its brightness was increased two-fold; and as the younger moon passed betwixt it and this earth, the strong currents of the elements set it into a rolling motion, and its positive face now to the earth, was attracted to the South.

The inhabitants of our earth were frantic and screaming, praying and calling upon God to save them from the awful wrath of his judgments. Terrible blackness covered the earth, and horrible despair, past all description, enshrouded every countenance. Many died of fright, some from falling buildings, some from tornados, and many were drowned by the changing waters; but a portion were better prepared for this awful day, and stood, as it were, calmly waiting for it to pass by, having had foreknowledge of this great event and its effects upon the earth. Their smiling faces were turned heavenward, and praised the angels for giving them strength for this awful hour.

I shuddered as I beheld, and made efforts to speak. The angel then turned to me and said: Now, for the first time on this planet shall the true time be given for this great and terrible day of the Lord to appear. For it hath not been wise that this revelation should have been made before. And it shall begin in twenty-one years and five months from this day. On the twenty-sixth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine. (1889.) And it shall last twenty-one days of terrible, yea, most terrible excitement. Then the heavens shall begin to clear, and your atmosphere to grow more pure, until, in a short time, the New Heavens, and the New and renovated Earth shall appear purified, and fitted for the Celestial Reign. When Christ's new government shall descend from Heaven and begin triumphantly upon the earth, as it shall previously be given through chosen vessels. But before all this, great changes shall come over the inhabitants of your earth; governments and kingdoms shall fall to rise no more; while new and better governments shall rise in their places. Famine, pestilence and wars shall sweep over the earth and remove many.

Many new and most terrible diseases shall appear, caused by the gross state of the atmosphere.

Agitation after agitation shall stir up the people preparatory for the great change, which must come to all nations, kindred and tongues upon your planet.

All these things, with their effects, swiftly flitted before my vision, and made a deep impress upon my soul. I appeared to see the new condition of things as they existed, and the great and glorious change which had taken place. I was fully awake to outer consciousness, but could not speak. As the vision closed to my external sight, he says, now haste to your desk and write it down as you have been made to understand it, and in a short time I will come to you again and give it to you still more clear and in a broader sense.

I immediately left my bed and went to my desk, and hastily sketched the awful vision while he stood by me, to witness each word and correct my errors as I hurriedly wrote the contents of what he had shown me.

He then departed and I returned to my room to ponder over the awfulness of the terrible scene which I had witnessed, and how my vision and thoughts had so rapidly extended over so much scenery in so short a time. I looked at my watch, and it was not yet three o'clock in the morning.

DR. ELMER WOODRUFF,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

From the Watkins (N. Y.) Express, Nov. 26.

### SPIRITUALISTIC.

The Spiritualistic seances still continue at Mrs. Compton's, in Havana, notwithstanding the alleged exposure of the same. Circles are held on Sunday, Thursday and Friday evenings. An admission fee of fifty cents is charged. Not more than fifteen persons are allowed at one sitting, and none but serious investigators and persons possessed of some moral worth are admitted. Mr. Gardiner C. Hebbard, in a letter replying to the "Annihilating Expose," of the *Schuyler County Democrat*, thus describes a seance held on the night of the 15th inst:

"Seven strips of court plaster were firmly placed over her mouth, so that respiration through the lips was impossible; her arms were securely tied at the elbows and rope fastened behind her back, and the two ends were then turned around her waist. The committee then passed the medium into the cabinet, seated her in a large rocking chair and tacked her dress to the floor, making it impossible for the medium to rise from her chair, use her arms or mouth. The medium was dressed in black alpaca, with her hair dressed as is the style of to-day. Around medium's head a piece of wrapping yarn was securely turned. Committee came out and reported cabinet and medium secure. Circle formed, singing commenced, and out of the cabinet came a woman dressed in pure white, with singularly-cut over-skirt, with a turban on her head; also an elegant face veil—carrying in her hand the finest specimen of handkerchief-goods it has ever been our lot to see. The apparition touched each person in the circle. This was repeated twice, after which several faces and hands came to the aperture of the cabinet, one of which was the face of an Indian calling himself Seneca; also an old lady named Williams, came and sang 'Sweet By and By,' in a clear, audible voice. When these things had been done and seen, the seance ended. The circle then rushed to the cabinet and found the medium just as they left her—not a fold of her dress had been disturbed."

The first daily journal in the world was that of Frankfort-on-the-Main, established in 1615. It is still issued.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL.

GIVEN BY EDWARD PALMER, DIRECT FROM HIS SATANIC MAJESTY, "OLD NICK."

### CHAPTER VII.

Just as Vulcan finished this remark, Esaulon once more made his appearance. With emotions oscillating between hope and fear, I awaited him. Esaulon perceived my anxiety, for he said:

"O Nicholas, 'tis as I feared; Zophiel and some others are intent upon the woman's destruction."

"Tell me all, Esaulon," I responded, "for I have anticipated treachery." Esaulon, in answer, related the following:

"On my return to heaven, I found Zophiel with others in secret conclave. While Ariel's counsel seemed to satisfy the much larger portion of the rioters, Zophiel, and a few others, considered the part which Ariel had acted as a mere ruse. Zophiel declared that: 'According to the words that Ariel had spoken, if the woman partake of the fruit, she shall die; but not until she hath brought forth after her kind male and female; therefore, though this woman die, another shall take her place. She must be slain ere she hath partaken of the fruit. Who will go to earth and destroy the woman?' Just then the whole company were seized with consternation, for behold a great serpent had appeared in their midst. 'Fear not,' said the serpent; 'I am Python. I will go to earth and destroy this woman, and yet I will not destroy her, but I will bring a curse upon her and her offspring. Know ye not that when she hath tasted of the fruit, that unto whomsoever she shall offer it, saying, 'take and eat with me,' he shall partake with her, and her offspring shall be like him? Therefore, I will beguile her, that she offer the fruit unto me and so shall her offspring be serpents, and they shall devour the earth as dust.' When Python had so said, they were much pleased with his words, and said with one accord: 'Go, good Python, thou art the most subtle of all the creatures of God.' Then I made haste to come hither to tell you all."

"*Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?*" Can the heaven-born harbor such base resentments in their minds? Will envy and jealousy lead them such revenge to devise? "Let us fly to the tree," I cried, "that we may preserve it from the contamination of Python."

Alas! we were too late! Already Python lay coiled in its branches, and Eve was under the influence of his luring charm. Had she partaken with Python, and forever sealed her own fate and that of her offspring? Must I

cherish a race of serpents? Apollo drew his bow and in another instant his unerring arrow would have done its fatal work, but Vulcan seized his arm.

"Don't be in such a hurry," he said; "it is a charmed circle; the arrow you intend for Python will strike the woman instead. We are not too late. Don't you see the woman is too far off to reach the lowest branch? Do you think the woman's arm so long?"

Apollo, with ever-ready wit, replied: "Not with an arm she tastes, but the length of her tongue who can tell?"

Ariel took his lyre and sang:

"Nature, impartial in her ends,  
Made man's arm the stronger;  
In justice then, to make amends,  
Made woman's tongue the longer."

Apollo's music so far counteracted the influence of Python, that Eve, who had been steadily approaching the serpent, stopped short, though continuing to gaze steadfastly upon the tree. Python then became aware of our presence, but dared not turn his attention from the woman, lest he should lose the power he had gained. Apollo stood ready, in case the serpent moved, to pierce an eye. Eve, unconscious of her danger, stood spell-bound.

"O, beautiful tree!" she exclaimed; "my eyes have not beheld thine equal in another. Is not thy fruit good for food, and thy seed, shall it not make me wise?"

As the tree hid us from Eve's view, I answered her speaking thoughts: "Yes, Eve, you are right; the fruit of this tree is indeed good for food, and in eating it you shall be made wise."

"Oh! that I might taste this fruit," she said; "my belly craveth it; my bowels yearn therefor; yea, my whole soul longeth to eat thereof, but I dare not, lest I die."

"Fear not, Eve," said I, "your belly craves only that which it needs; your bowels yearn for what they require; your soul longeth for its own good. Eat, and you shall live; and becoming as a God, you shall know the good and shun the evil."

"But, Nicholas," she said, recognizing my voice, "hath not God said, 'In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die?' and how sayest thou, 'Thou shalt live?' doth God lie?"

"O, Eve," I replied, "he has not said so, but rather, 'In this day, eat thou thereof, and thou shalt surely die,' nevertheless he would not have you to eat of it."

"If, as thou sayest, 'it is good for me,' why doth God deny it unto me?"

I approached close to her side, put my arm around her neck, and laying my face to hers, whispered in her ear: "Because it is the choicest fruit of the garden. God considers it too good for you, and would reserve it for his own private use." Her bosom heaved with the conflict between mocking fear and injured pride, as she exclaimed, as only woman can:

"Just as though there was anything in this garden too good for me to eat!"

"No, no, Eve, there is nothing in the universe too good for you."

"I would eat," she said, and, womanlike, her tears began to flow; "but I dare not face death."

"Dry your tears, dear Eve," said I; "let me bring Adam here, and to you both the mystery explain that hangs about this tree; then shall your grief be turned to joy, and your weeping to laughter, in the exuberance of your new-found bliss." These words no sooner spoken, than Esaulon with Adam came, and I addressed them both: "Son and daughter, before you is the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; to you it is food, and its fruit, in bearing seed, is meat. Not long since, when first the fruit began to form, before the seed thereof had grown, my father said: 'eat thereof in this day, and ye shall die.' The apples then were green; your stomachs weak, like infant's kind; eating then, the bilious colic you would find, to end your days in torturing aches and griping pains; but now the fruit is luscious, sweet and ripe; eat freely now, no fear of pain or gripe; digested well, 'twill prove a balm for every ill; to you the way of life will show, and as the gods, you'll wisdom know." The battle was fought, the victory won. The human kind were saved. To life was added the blessing of wisdom. Eve, true to woman's emotional nature, was first to reach and pluck the fruit. She tasted, and found it good; she would not eat the remainder alone, but pressed Adam to eat it with her. So to this day, O man, woman, when free to act herself, would share with thee her every joy.



# The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 19, 1874.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## OUR PAPER.

We present you this week with number ten of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, a neat, tidy, spicy paper—one that we are proud of. We believe our patrons are also proud of our effort. We send out this week full 1,500 bona fide subscribers. We wish the number 15,000, but feel that we have been generously supported. Readers, will you remember us during December, and send us in fifteen hundred subscribers as a New Year's gift. Spend fifty cents or one dollar in soul charity. Send our little paper to a friend for three months or longer. Some have already done so, and while we would not willingly take one subscriber from any other Spiritualist paper, we feel that the millions of Spiritualists in the United States ought to sustain every honest effort made to increase our reading matter. That all are suffering from the bitter spirit among us, is self-evident; and yet we can rise above it. Let us do so. Let us work for the right, the truth; and all will be well.

## MY WAY, NOT YOURS; OR, HOME TROUBLES.

Why is it that man and wife cannot reason together, and with each other, as they reason with others? You shall and you shant, are the bones of contention; I won't yield, and I won't, are too frequently the order, rather than the exception, of home troubles. How shall these troubles be remedied? Who will first give way? Will you, my wife, or shall I? It is a nice question, indeed, to decide, on certain points, who shall recede, when man and wife disagree. Is it the husband's duty to say, I give way, I yield? Is this the demand that woman in her emancipation will make? Some one must yield; some one must lead; there must be a head to every household or the house is a failure. Two rulers cannot live in one house, nor is that house yet built in which two families can live in peace together; nor are there two persons, man and woman, living, who can both rule in the same house, and live in peace.

Children must be governed. Persons conflicting for the right to control before the child, beget a want of respect in the child for home authority. Where one parent gives an order to a child, and the other parent countermands or interferes before the child, that child is being taught the first step on the road to ruin. Just so when the husband or wife insist on each having their way, at the same time, they have taken the first step on the road to a divorce court, and the second step is on the highway to adultery, and the third step is the last act in the farce or tragedy, and ends in ruin and death. If man and wife will exercise the same discretion in the management of small things they do in greater ones, there will be less trouble in home affairs.

When the storm breaks, when terror or desolation surrounds the home, when death has entered the household, only one takes the lead, and that one is appointed who is best calculated by nature to lead. Order is then brought out of confusion, and wisdom triumphs. Freedom is a jewel that many, very many, try to wear, but few are found capable. Liberty, perfect freedom, in the present state of home life, is a misnomer, for the reason we are not qualified to enjoy it. To us, there is nothing so grand as the perfect family, and yet how few there are. There is nothing so beautiful as a true, loving wife or husband, each ruling, each yielding, both free, neither slaves; and how easy all this might be if it were not for these bad words: you did, I didn't, you shan't, you shall, I won't, and I will. O thou vile monster, Dispute, how many households you have ruined with these bitter words! how many divorces you have brought about! how many husbands and wives you have cast down into hell

Let us have done with these things, dear wife, dear husband; let us banish them from our home, and let us enter upon the new year with a family vocabulary in which these vile words are not known.

## OUT IN THE COLD.

Or in plain terms, "git out." Why? "Because you do not think, believe, do, and say as I do, and will not obey me and do as I want you to do." But, my brother, what of liberty of conscience, free speech, freedom of the press, and a free platform? "Bosh on such nonsense, I am not going to waste my time, breath, and money in an effort to cultivate the masses. Get their money and enjoy it, and be respectable." "Do you mean this? Is there nothing for us to do for humanity, for Spiritualism?" "Let Spiritualism go to the devil, and take care of itself. You look out for yourself."

Thus talk and act certain would-be reformers and leaders in Spiritualism, here in the West; and it seems that the same sort of work is going on at the East. We, out here in the West, are angels of light, or demons of darkness—blessed or accursed—just as we are obedient or disobedient to certain would-be popes and leaders in Spiritualism. It seems by the reports coming from the East, that this rule of action is being carried out there by the once free Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.

First, Theodore and Henry are exposed, and find themselves "on the ragged edge." Then Treat is treated to a dose from the same fountain, and whispers, almost loud, are borne westward on the breeze, that the "pearl of sociology" is "on the ragged." And now Anthony, not Mark, the friend of Cæsar, but Higgins, "the young Boanerges" of Cooper Institute, Chicago, and late of New Jersey, is on the "edge." Why? Because you are no longer profitable, or won't blow through my horn, or do my bidding; and yet the cry from these would-be leaders is heard on every breeze, "Give us freedom," "social freedom," "sexual freedom," "perfect freedom," and "untrammelled lives." The divine right to say, do, write, and act as we please, but you must act in all matters as we want you to.

The first love of our "Western oracle" was declared in the following words: "If we are to have a pure Spiritualism it is difficult to perceive the good we are to receive from it. It is no better than the pure religion we have already." The second love of this oracle, the reverse of the first, the cry now is, give us "a pure Spiritualism." The first love of the Eastern oracle, when in trouble: "Spiritualists, we ask you to donate money for the purpose of buying a press that we may publish a paper devoted to perfect freedom and untrammelled lives, wherein the thoughts of men and women may be given the public as they come from the writer." Some \$2,000 or more sent on to the office in New York, but where is the press? And now the cry is for more money—\$1,000 must be had.

Years ago we furnished a house with \$40,000 paid up capital, here in the West, vide R.-P. J. report, no. 1, vol. 1. This was in August, 1865; in October, 1866, this establishment was a "dead duck," and on the first day of January, 1867, hatched out the Spiritual Republic. This Republic died from hatching, in September, 1867, and out of the ruins sprang the Religio-Philosophical Journal, boasting of twenty-one thousand bona fide subscribers (?), and claims to be doing a paying business. What we would like to know is this, why did the first R.-P. Journal die on \$40,000 paid up capital in sixteen months, and the second R.-P. Journal grow rich and prosperous without \$40,000 paid up capital? Will the band of spirit chemists that furnish hair restoratives please explain?

In looking into the official waste basket of our Western oracle, we find the following heads loped off by the hand of him they sustained. We will name them in detail as they were decapitated: Jamieson, Wadsworth, H. F. M. Brown, once "our good Sister Brown," now "old Hannah-Maria;" Reed, the printer, Peebles, Hon. Warren Chase, the Rev. J. O. Barrett, the Brothers Hull, Mrs. Kingsbury, the elegant Randolph, our able and geologist E. Whipple, "My Dear Loveland," Dyott, McFadden, Peter West, Mrs. Sawyer, Suydam, Teedes, the Jacob Brothers, Melville Fay, Ben. Todd, Marion Givens Carr, J. B. Smith, Hoyt, Williams, Maud Lord, Doherty, little Lyman Streight, the painter, the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, Mrs. Dr. J. H. Severance,

the "Gentle" Wilson, and the Northern Ill. Association of Spiritualists, The Universe, Present Age, American Spiritualist, and three places marked "reserved," for The Banner of Light, Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly, and the Crucible, and a place ordered for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. And when we asked wherefore, the answer came, in no uncertain tone: "Because we dare to be free, and will not wear the shoulder-straps of any one or party."

Co-workers everywhere, are we slaves, bound hand and foot, or are we free? Are we dependent on these Spiritualist journals for our position before the world, or are they dependent on us? Have they built us up and given us name and place, or have we built up these journals? With the exception of The Banner of Light, we are older, and have been longer in the field, than all of them, and were well and popularly known before the world.

Our needs here in the West, is an organ that will teach the people what Spiritualism is, and who are its founders. The wholesale onslaught of the R.-P. Journal has injured the cause everywhere. Many places where meetings were held, are holding none now; speakers who were fully employed, are now only partially so, and from the cry of distress coming up from the R.-P. Journal, Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly, and Crucible for help, clearly indicates the falling off of their subscription lists. We fearlessly venture the statement to-day, that Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly has only 5,000 paid up subscriptions; the R.-P. Journal, 6,000; the Crucible, 1,200; The Banner of Light, 11,000; THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, 1,500—in all, at the very outside, 25,000 paid up subscriptions to Spiritual papers. Wherefore? Because of the bitter spirit and personal abuse of some of our Spiritual journals.

We find, then, that the phenomena of spirit life has more interest, and holds out more real inducement to the inquirers than the brains of our editors. Should not this be a warning to the editors to cultivate a better acquaintance with the true and good in Spiritualism, keeping before the world the bright and beautiful, in place of the dark and bitter. For our part we feel like saying, as one in the past said, "Deliver me from my friends." And now let us to the work of reform; let us have a Convention of men and women who have the interest of Spiritualism at heart, that are willing to work for the cause and not for self.

Who will respond?

## SEANCE AT DOWNER'S GROVE, ILL.

Sunday evening, Nov. 8, there was held an impromptu seance at the house of Mr. George Downer, by Isa, of the Home Circle. Only a few friends were present, to whom the following tests were given—notes being taken by a friend present.

There were no preliminary forms, such as forming a circle, joining hands, or any thing of the kind. The medium quietly took her seat, and without any ceremony commenced by describing a personal friend of Mr. C. Carpenter, so accurately that there could be no mistake; and followed by describing a scene in the life of Mr. Haven, who was a stranger to all but Mr. Downer. This scene was so clearly drawn that it was readily recognized and acknowledged by Mr. Haven. The parties to this test are living, so that the test was one of first rate clairvoyance; this being only one of many of that kind.

The form of a man dressed in uniform, standing in front of C. Carpenter was described so accurately as to be easily recognized as a brother who fell in the service. Mr. H. Carpenter and wife received several tests, as did others, and several communications; father Bush and "old father Root," each having a word to say from Spirit life. Mr. Haven received, however, many more than others, and as he was an entire stranger, the tests were the more convincing.

A scene taken from the life of C. Carpenter, running back to boyhood days, well remembered; the laughing, curly-haired girl, a beautiful picture in halls of memory. The names of Julius and Julia Graves were given; they were twins; brother and sister; who passed away from earth-life some years since, within a short period of each other; and the announcement of their names, and the message which followed, was not less surprising and to the purpose, under the circumstances: "On earth we did not believe in your philosophy, but now, together, we are both seeking the light that will lead us to you. We are happy, and as soon as able, will return and tell you

of our experience in Spirit land. It is a great and glorious truth; oh, seek it, all of you, and investigate, because there are many hidden paths of knowledge here that man does not know of yet. On my entrance into Spirit life, I looked for the God that I had been taught of, but I did not find him, but instead I found many old and true friends, who showed me the way to return to you. Julia says, my brother left earth first, and my life was a sad and dreary one until I joined him here, he waiting for me, for it was hard separating the tie that bound us together. Tell my father we are waiting for him. \* \* Tell him not to love money so well; he cannot bring it here. \* \* Tell him to remember what the Bible says, 'how hardly shall a rich man enter the kingdom of heaven.' When you meet again we will come and tell you of our experience here in spirit life."

REMARKS.—We were somewhat acquainted with Julius Graves, (not his sister,) and recognize much of his statement true. We also know Isa to be a superior medium for this class of communications from spirit life. Our Home Circle is a superior one, and any communication from Isa, Wakefield, or the "Gentle" can be relied on.—Ed.

## BEECHER'S LATEST.

"There are words in the Bible that are only seed forms. God saw that his work was good in making Adam. He was perfect. Was he perfect? How much could that be? A man with no childhood, no youth, no education, no life. Why, he never said a word worth recording. He never did anything worth note except to mind his wife and get kicked out of Paradise. [Sensation and laughter.] What kind of men were Isaac and Jacob, and all the other patriarchs compared with the manhood we now have? [Applause.] Jacob won't bear investigation. Bismark weren't a circumstance to him."

We, who have worked in the front ranks of progress, who have again and again declared the Bible characters fallable, all of them, including the God of Moses, as well as Moses. We were scorned, hooted, and sometimes mobbed. But the day is ours; we have help. "The great preacher" thinks—"was he perfect?" (Adam.) Was God himself perfect? Can a perfect Creator make an imperfect thing? Our readers will remember that years ago we uttered corresponding thoughts, declaring the manhood of this age far superior to the manhood of the Hebraic race at any time prior to the destruction of Jerusalem. To-day Mr. Beecher speaks that which we uttered five years ago, and is encored. He compares the manhood of Adam, Isaac, Jacob, etc., to the manhood of to-day, and believes the present Bismark is greater than Adam, Beecher more of a man than Jacob, and almost equal with Solomon; and Shearman, Esq., better than John the Divine, for he wants to die with Henry Ward Beecher; yea, is weeping to be assassinated legally with him. We do not read of any such foolish statement from John the beloved. And finally, Peter must have influenced Shearman in the appeal argument before Judge Reynolds.

## A ROMAN CATHOLIC CONFERENCE.

The chief authorities of the church have decided to hold a great International Catholic Congress in London, with the object of maintaining the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, reasserting the Pope's right to temporal as well as spiritual power, and proclaiming the bounden duty of all Christians to return to their allegiance to Rome. It is stated that this determination is the result of direct instructions from the Vatican, and some of the highest dignitaries of the church will attend the Congress. Archbishop Manning, in a speech at Westminster, admitted that the spiritual influence of the Pope had greatly increased since the loss of his temporalities. If arbitration was ever to supersede war, the Pope would be the only possible authorized arbitrator. The Catholic world, he added, was threatened with a controversy on all decrees of the Ecumenical Council. There was undoubtedly approaching one of the mightiest contests the religious world had ever seen. Therefore it was necessary to fearlessly assert, through the free press of England, the Pope's rights and his pretensions to world-wide allegiance.

We clip the above from the telegraph columns of a late paper. And when you read it, please send and get one of W. F. Jamieson's books—"The Clergy a Source of Danger to the American Republic." We have had an American Congress of the Protestant churches, and the result is already manifested in the despotism quarrels and fights in the churches. Rome has had her Ecumenical Council that made Pope Pío Nino second only to God, and now there is called a great International Congress, to come off in London, to maintain Papal Infallibility. What next will come up?



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* has improved of late in the use of respectful language. We are glad to be able to note this reform in its columns. It has long been needed.

The dear old *Banner* comes to us full of good things, as it ever is. Always true to Spiritualism, and never abusive.

The *Truth Seeker* is punctual in its appearance, is full of goodness, and true to its philosophy. Bro. Bennett is a good writer and a man we love.

*Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* is once again in our hands. "We paid 10 cents for it," notwithstanding we send our little sheet to them regularly. We find nothing in it about Lindley Murray and grammar. We are very sorry to learn from its columns of the prostration of its editor in chief, from congestion of the lungs and liver; and while we oppose her Spiritual views we have no bitter words for her. We quit the bitter when we left the service of S. S. Jones, Esq.

The *Crucible*, "*Hull's Crucible*," comes to us regularly, brim full of teasels. Every word has a sharp point, and every article pricks somebody. Its editorial corps are iconoclasts, and are fighting it out on that line all summer and all winter.

What has become of *The Kingdom of Heaven*, and "Thomas Scott Christ?" We have not seen a number of it since we "Gone home to die." Has *The Kingdom of Heaven* "gone to t'other place?"

We are in receipt of the narrative of the Spirits of Sir Henry Morgan and his daughter Annie, usually known as John and Katie King; by Henry T. Child, M. D.; price fifty cents. It is a book of one hundred pages, bound in paper. Illustrated with a fine wood cut likeness of John King and Katie, his daughter. No one can read this book without being benefited. The earnest but stern story of life here and hereafter, as told by John King, is but one of the many lessons taught by Spiritualism, as well as confirming the cardinal feature of our great truth, or axiomatic lessons, viz.: "There is no forgiveness save through reform, repentance, and progression." The earnest help of his darling Katie, in his reform effort confirms another great truth, viz.; that the human family are workers hereafter as well as here in this life. We first met John King and Katie at Buffalo, in the Davenport circles, in 1854. We next met them at the Koons, in Athens, Ohio, in January, 1855, and several times since with other mediums, and at other places, and we recognize in his story to Dr. Child many important facts seen and told us, years ago, by these spirits, John and Katie King. We predict for this narrative a success not attained by any other story of Spirit-life.

Bro. Jamieson sent us his great book, "The Clergy a source of Danger to the American Republic." Third edition, 331 pages, parlor edition, full gilt, beautiful side-title, \$2. A book every American should read, for America is in danger of these "Ministers of God and his Christ." And if ever their Idol and his Boy become the centralizing idea in our constitutional form of government, the clergy will be the officials of the people. Then comes *revolution and the letting of blood*.

Grow's Opera Hall, 517 West Madison St., was filled brimful every Sunday, with an intelligent and earnest audience, listening to the soul-stirring arguments of our good Sister Colby, who filled the desk the Sundays of November. Wonder why the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* does not follow the example of its convert, *The Chicago Times*, and mention the great work that the First Society of Spiritualists are doing in Chicago? Bro. C. B. Lynn, who has been so favorably mentioned in the Milwaukee papers, will fill the desk at Grow's Opera Hall during the Sundays of December. Bro. Lynn is really the Swing of Spiritualism. Can any one point out our Patton.

The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists will hold their Tenth Quarterly Convention in Grow's Opera Hall on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, January 8, 9 and 10, 1875. The Association is a chartered body, and the only Spiritual incorporation holding meetings that we know of in Illinois. The best talent in the State will be present including speakers, seers, healers, writers and painters in mediumship. Every effort will be made to

accommodate all who come. The Spiritualists of Illinois are a live people, and mean business, and are not under the rule of any king, pope or paper. Our platform is a free one, and free speech will be tolerated. A lunch table will be furnished for all who wish to eat at it. Come up to our Tenth Quarterly Meeting, Spiritualists of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana and Michigan. Shall we have a State Convention in Illinois in 1875? Grow's Opera Hall is a commodious one, well seated, warmed and lighted; besides it is always clean and tidy, with ante-rooms, closets and water on the same floor. We confidently expect the best Spiritual meeting in January ever held in Illinois. Come one, come all, to our Convention; come with baskets of provisions for the physical man, and souls filled with love for all humanity.

N. B. The Hall is comfortably warmed and clean, as every thing is under the management of Bro. Williams; hence, many who wish, can bring bedding with them and camp on the floor, as well as eat at our lunch table. Do not overlook this notice, and do not fail to come up to this great feast of reason and flow of soul.

## Pleasant Voices.

In a long and pleasant letter from St. Paul, Minn., Bro. M. Ryder writes us that Spiritualism is at a low and quiet state, there being nothing going on. Mrs. Parry spoke in St. Paul against odds, "the pure Spiritualists throwing their influence against her, thereby costing a few heavily."

Well, Bro. Ryder, this is the case all over the country. The course and vulgar policy of the once passable *Religio-Philosophical Journal* has divided the Spiritualists everywhere, and there is discord all round, and none are feeling it more forcibly than the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. We do not believe that paper has 5,000 paid up subscribers for 1875. Its officers swear they had over 21,000 last spring. Will they swear again? We shall see, for we wish the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* well.

S. P. Brigham, Franklin, Pa., writes: "Your paper is replete with pure and rare thought, and I will say receives more attention from me than any other paper, and read with pleasure." Well, Brother, your wish is complied with; let us hear from you. Send us the article.

C. M. Higgins, Mendota, Ill., writes: "Church cannot be had; soured on the Spiritualists. No interest here at all." Well, Bro. H., we are not surprised at this, when the would-be leader of Spiritualism surfeits the people with false statements, clothed in vile words. We trust, however, to remedy this difficulty through the beneficent influence of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

Jas. G. R., Lake City, Minn., writes us that B. F. Underwood will speak in that place commencing Dec. 8th, and close the 13th ult. If Bro. Underwood will keep us posted, we will advertise his meetings.

C. S. N., Paducah, Ky., writes us Nov. 6: "I like your paper; will remit soon. Dr. Taylor will lecture here soon." Wonder if Dr. Taylor has forgotten us? What is the matter, Brother? Has Bro. Potter laid you *ought*, or have you the fear of the would-be pope of Spiritualism before you? "Old Theology" has not got right-side-up with you, we trust.

We are in receipt of words of cheer from Wm. R. MacKay, Davenport, Iowa. \$2, for Wm. P., Pre-emption, Ill.; papers sent. Mrs. L. E. B., Battle Creek; money received; wrote the 18th Nov. Thanks, Sister; will try and be at your Convention.

Money received from Thos. Fewkes, Philadelphia, Thos. Wickersham, Keokuk, Iowa, R. R. Sherwood, Algonquin, Ill., E. H. Huntington, Charleston, Ill., with words of comfort, and \$1.50, papers sent. With 48 subscribers from Michigan, and 30 from other States, since the 1st of Nov., 1874, and in all, over 100 in the last eighteen days—for a new paper, pretty good. We will mail over 1,500 *bona fide* subscribers with this (No. 10,) and send out 300 specimen numbers. Spiritualists, every body that reads our paper likes it, because it is a SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

John A. Cooper, Nashville, Tenn., writes: "Herewith find subscription for one year for

your paper, and if you continue to make them as good as the numbers you sent me, time will prove your paper a success. The great and expanding cause needs an organ which non-believers and new converts can take to their homes without disgusting their chaste families and associates. I admired the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* at first for its stand against unruly loveism, but it went too far, and became indecent itself, and exhibited a spirit of persecution and malice, which is nearly as bold-headed as that loveism." We have only to say, Bro. Cooper, that THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK will never stoop to the level of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Your experience is the experience of every neighborhood in which that paper is read. We regret this, for we loved the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* once on a time, and it had some respectability then. But how changed now.

## Test Department.

Every statement in this department can be depended on as strictly true and without exaggeration. We must not only have the name of the medium through whom the test may be given, but we must have reliable proof of the truth of such statements.

## COUNSEL FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

Though thou hast been, as it seemeth to thee, groping thy way in the dark, light has been with thee, and all about, and thou hast been indeed led by a way thou knowest not; but the darkness hath passed, and thou hast been tried as by fire—hast been in the scales and weighed, and the blind from thine eyes shall now be taken, and as our chosen brother in the order of progress, thou shalt now proclaim the truth. Accepted fully, thou art now our most worthy brother, and will, hereafter, receive thine instruction from thy brethren, who are bound to carry on the work of redemption in each soul, by showing the true light through thee and other chosen ones. Therefore, walk in the light from this time; heed thine enemies no more; make no more protests against them; thy weapons are now harmless and dull, and are now recoiling on their own heads. Thou shalt not be harmed, nor even thy garments smell of the fire thou hast passed through. Let nothing disturb thee more; as one of us, now fully recognized, in the order of independent and eternal progress, bound to investigate, search into, study, and understand the science of life principles.

O! man and brother, what is ought else compared to learning these great truths! Man and woman, one in God and nature, carrying out these divine principles of creative force—ever working in harmony, onward and upward in their respective orbits, thus stand redeemed from all that would keep them back. This is thy work, to search into and understand what life is—the relation of man and woman to life—the creative force, as well as man and woman's relation to and with it; how to obtain the magnetic, and sustain relations *therewith*. Search into these mysteries, no longer to be hidden from sight. Man and womanhood, perfected on earth, one with God, can become—and this is the great work of earth life—perfected humanity. Science and religion have both placed man the highest of created life—the ultimate of all below. Carry the thought still further, and recognize the creative principle in man and womanhood perfected, and you continue this creative work, or life principle (which from the beginning has never been understood,) forever. The eyes of many now begin to see; the scales are falling *therefrom*, and the true man and woman stand agast at their ignorance of the first principles of the science of life, now revealed to their view.

What is life, or the life force within you? whence cometh and whither goeth this force? is it for good or evil? of the flesh or of the spirit? Is it sent forth again and again to be repeated, on and on throughout all ages? Oh! how in spirit life we feel when we see how few understand the A B C of earth life. We made the same mistake, and those with us, when in earth, but now would in giving light to thee and others benefit ourselves. Can we but get near enough to thy soul's magnetic force, so as to open up to your understanding the realities of our life relations to yours, or to the deific life, then no further need to urge thee on in this great work; but as thou has not heeded us in thy troubles, and couldst not till now throw off this weight, we could not till now give thee the key to unlock these mysteries. Now,

brother, heed well our charge. Unto you comes John, our brother in spirit life, with the key of knowledge. He came with this to you many years ago, but thou hadst to outgrow thyself; and now, purified and tried by fire, are you ready to accept our help? and nature's truths shall be revealed to thee. Be not afraid to trust to thy brother's guidance; he is our most worthy, and reveals to us life on earth and in the spirit world, as well our connection and origin in manhood and womanly perfection—how to live, and the purposes of created life.

O, the joy it gives us to find the door opening on earth to receive these lessons, for we also are benefited in your advancement. Such are the laws of life; hence, shut your eyes no more, but receive the truth; carry out these principles of life; understand them fully, teach them to others, and success is yours. My brother, if thou keepest thy guide in view, thou must thyself keep up the magnetic relation between you in order to receive these truths. When thou redest this he will be with thee, then we in a body will come to thee, and then thou wilt receive the light we bring. We cannot all remain, but will enable thee to be *en rapport* with thy guide. Be calm and positive; let naught disturb thy soul, and when thou art heard with this power to guide thee, thou thyself shalt wonder with them at this the power with thee. We know whereof we speak. We know thy organism is such that, *en rapport* with this guide, he can lead many through thee to the truth divine. Then turn not aside from the light we bring—life it will be to thee and thine; life to many a weary soul and aching heart, who in the past have ever had faith in thee.

Wondrous life! wondrous human nature! Man and woman, with all life's forces crushed out, blotted out, till hardly the name is known; but now the key, spirit life, will open up to view and make known to all, themselves. Write what thou dost think, and if this thou dost accept, we will come direct to thee and bring the light with us. Much is to be made known if thee wishes, but we will not, our brother, force our thoughts upon thee.

FROM THE BAND OF SPIRIT WORKERS.

[The above was given through the hand of a reliable medium, who knew nothing of what she was writing. It is for us, and we accept the counsel, and bless the hand that wrote it, and thank the spirit mind or minds who dictated it.—ED.]

## JUDGE WIRAM KNOWLTON.

ISA P., Medium.

MY FRIEND: Be not cast down—what if friends do forsake you, and speak ill of you; it is no more than has been done before, and, like a summer breeze, will soon blow over. I, too, have felt the sting of the slanderer's tongue—suffered as you have not. The viper entered my home, robbed me of my soul treasure, and left me a wreck. You have not suffered as I have. Only the external man has been reached by the foul slander of those who preach a life of purity and live a life of shame. Why care for these things; they are like a summer breeze, and soon pass over. The weak-kneed ones will tremble, but be you strong and fear not to do the right, and all will be well.

Friend Wilson, I wish you would form a little private circle for my benefit; I wish to give the public some thoughts from one who was once popular with the masses in Western Wisconsin, but lost—lost—and you know how he died. I wish to help you in return for kindness extended toward me, and will assist in sustaining your paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. It shall be a success, for we, a band of workers, will aid you, for you were a friend and brother to me when all others, save one, had forsaken me—that one my brother James. I bless him. Again I say, God bless you. Though I cannot help you by paying hard cash, yet will, through others, help defend you by and by. You know what I mean. It is your influence that enables me to control this medium, and I wish to improve the time, for I have much to give the world on affairs of state, as well as social life, for I know whereof I speak. Fearfully wronged, suffering as few ever have, yet I forgive, but cannot forget. I want you to warn all young men to beware of the social glass of wine, for it has ruined many a soul, and filled many a home with sorrow. Remember me to my brother James. Tell Farmer Mary I thank her for the tender care given me.

WIRAM KNOWLTON.

Sept. 8, 1874.



For the Spiritualist at Work.  
**NOTES BY THE WAY.**  
 BY MRS. E. L. DRAKE.

DEAR READERS OF THE SPIRITUALIST: It is now twelve days since we left the great and busy metropolis, the queen city of the west, Chicago, en route for California. Our trip to Denver city, where we now are, was as pleasant as could well be. Owing to the very large number of passengers, we had seven coaches, all so densely packed that few, if any, could have a seat alone any length of time. Notwithstanding the famous iron horse tugged away with all the strength he could command, yet we were behind time at every point, so great was our load. However, we were not displeased, as this gave us a better opportunity to see the country over which we passed.

The prairies are grand beyond description, far-reaching as the eye can penetrate, when the sky shuts down upon a sea of grass. But with all its grandeur we frankly admit there is too much sea room to fully satisfy our contrasted idea of the beauties of nature. Through Nebraska the railroad runs parallel with the Platte River, and a portion of the way we had a fair view of this beautiful as well as most useful stream, which seems to lie on the surface like threads of silver, nestling amid the grass for protection from the merciless winds which find no obstructions there to check its raging fury. At other points it looks like bands of burnished steel. Now and then a few Indian tents, here and there a herd of antelopes, occasionally a prairie wolf, and not unfrequently a settlement, or what seems to be a village of prairie dogs. With these exceptions, there is nothing for miles and miles on which to rest the eye, until dim distance comes to our relief and drops her misty curtain, shutting out the far beyond of changeless scenes.

There are several railroad stations along the line from Omaha to Cheyenne City, that have a busy and thriving appearance, among which are Fremont, Grand Island, Ft. Kearney, North Platte, Sidney, and others; but at none of these points could we have any desire to make our home, knowing too well our love for the grand old forests, whose living green in spring and summer, and varied colored leaves in autumn, does much to augment our pleasure and happiness, and without which we fear we would miss the merry songsters who seek the cooling shade and make the welkin ring with their joyous notes.

Cheyenne City, in Wyoming Ter., is a lively place of perhaps 2,000 inhabitants. From this point government supplies are sent to the Indians with teams, which furnishes work for man and beast to some extent. Denver city has more the appearance of an eastern city. In population they claim 20,000 to 25,000—has gas, water works for supplying the city, and for irrigation as well. Shade trees are cultivated to a considerable extent. Denver supports four daily papers and several weeklies. Spiritualism is making deep inroads in this city. There are several good mediums here, among the best for materialization a Mr. Peck, who has been a partially developed medium for some time, but whose new phase for materialization has come since his residence in this city, a duration of five or six months. Mr. Peck's seances are said to be very fine. Many have been convinced of the truth of immortal life at his seances. There are also several developing circles held in this city every week, from which new mediums are discovered very frequently. Though there is yet no organized society of Spiritualists here, still they have a lyceum, and regular meetings once every Sunday, which will compare favorably with a Chicago audience. Mr. Ford, of the Ford House, with his most estimable wife and daughters, are among the earnest supporters and faithful workers for the cause of Spiritualism. The Ford House is one of the best in the city, everything clean and orderly, a splendid table, and a pleasant home for travelers.

We lectured last Sunday afternoon in Guard Hall, to a large and appreciative audience. Your paper seems to find favor with all who have had specimen numbers, and we have the promise of a number of subscribers before we leave the city. Will also confer with some news dealers to keep them on hand for sale, as many prefer to buy papers by the piece.

The sun has now disappeared behind the snow-capped mountains, whose majestic peaks seem towering to the very heavens, looking down upon the city at its feet, where streets

are dry and dusty, and the atmosphere warm and balmy as days of June in Michigan. It is no wonder Denver has grown as by the hand of magic. Mr. Ford tells me he came to this place in 1860, at which time only a few huts were to be seen here, now a city of stately brick blocks and elegant residences. Few eastern cities can boast of finer horses and carriages; really, we have never before seen gold plate used so freely as on carriages and harnesses in this city. This is indeed a fast age, and a fast place. More anon.

For the Spiritualist at Work.  
**DON'T-CARE REFORMERS.**  
 BY J. O. BARRITT.

When Spiritualists say in words and actions, "We don't care for consequences," it is a sign of recklessness that is a poor apology for a reformer—a sign of moral abandonment, that sooner brings the dreaded ruin falling upon the reformer himself.

We cannot get outside of our own emotional humanity. There is no asceticism that can separate us entirely from social allegiance. It is association that grows us larger. By mutual interests we best thrive. It is not true with any of us, however independent in position, that "we don't care." We all do care. We all like to have the sympathy and good opinion of others. Even tyranny is better than indifference or recklessness. Our social life is a precious estate, and every part of it must be cared for with appreciative vigilance.

One social extreme is as dangerous as the other. A love of reputation for the sake of it, and a total hate of it, conducts to the same disaster in life. Is there not a golden mean? Assuredly, and right here is the most activity. The central point in the arc of the pendulum has the most motion. People are apt to think that accelerated speed has the most danger, but it is so, always? It overcomes impediments, while slow speed meets them with stagnation. In life's great battle, standing still is peril—one is liable of being run over.

The basic line of true living is not self-hood, but brotherhood, sisterhood, childhood, angelhood. Though in us is individually combined all there is of the great whole, we are to the whole a function. You and I serve in society, or should, as a ministrant to give, and so gain the most. Mutual, co-operative, social—these are the words in the new life coming. Reward comes incidental to well doing, but not to the soul if sought as an end. Reputation then, that is worth anything, is not a purchasable thing, not a prize to gain, not a marketable value, not a life-lease; but it is what comes of itself, as fruit in the husbandry of faithful working, what grows naturally from fidelity to our trusts. If we lose popular reputation because of fidelity, it may show we are on a true basis; but we shall gain it again. Stand by principle, and our reputation is enduring as a rock in the ocean. There is an instinct in human nature that eventually discerns all motives. If found to be mean and sordid, how are they despised by souls of honor! How largely do we all credit a benevolent and judicious darian! Such will have a reputation immortal as their own spirits, crowned as roses among the thorns. Such Spiritualists, secure in their integrity, are calm as the sun in life's battles. Theirs is the serenity of the angels that inspire them.

As a wind ruffles the images of trees upon the bosom of the lake, until broken and undefined, so do anxieties, and ungoverned passions, and selfish ambitions, scatter and neutralize the inspirations that naturally fall to mortals from the heavens. The prerequisite to the perception and practicability of inspiration, is a calm and trustful state of mind, keyed to the law of pure integrity of purpose, and sincere love of truth. Music, to be heard and felt, must be in accord; so with the soul, if it would know the melodies of infinite peace of angel's affections.

For the Spiritualist at Work.  
**FROM MILWAUKEE.**

MR. EDITOR: The First Society of Spiritualists, of the city of Milwaukee, elected their officers on the first Sunday in October, to hold their offices for six months, and until others are elected. E. W. Baldwin, Esq., 97 Wisconsin street, was elected president, treasurer, and general business agent, and any person wishing to communicate with the society will get the best information about it and Spiritualism in Milwaukee by conferring with him.

The members of the society have agreed in-

formally upon the following rules: 1. Only Spiritualists are to speak in our conferences; others may ask questions. 2. We are to consider the philosophy, or, more properly, as I consider, the moral religious teachings of Spiritualism. 3. The members will join any religious society, or anti-religious society, that suits them, to learn their truths, and instruct them in the truths of our religion, and induce them to employ Spiritualist, infidel, and free religious speakers, so there may be a free interchange of thought among all persons who can listen to those who differ with them religiously.

The Liberal Society have employed C. B. Lynn for two Sundays in Nov.; B. F. Underwood for two, and R. G. Ingersol for the first Sunday in Dec., to speak in the Opera House.

We think it is time to begin to take steps to agree on the moral teachings of our religion. We have agreed on the phenomenal teachings. They make Spiritualism a science, or the religion of knowledge, and it is time we commenced our quiet, orderly conferences of Spiritualists, to establish our moral religion, as we did our quiet, orderly circles, to establish our phenomenal religion. In harmonious circles we got our facts and tests; outside of them we had our disputes, arguments and wrangles with persons who did not know the facts, and would not submit to the conditions required to obtain them. In harmonious conferences we must establish our philosophy and the moral principles of our religion, and go outside to reason with those that will reason, dispute with those who glory in disputation, and talk with those persons who will talk, and then return to our quiet thoughts and conferences, correct all errors, and finally establish the moral religion of Spiritualism on a basis of truth that will withstand all the assaults of its enemies, while the world rolls on its axis, and people reason together.

We hold our conferences at 2½ P. M., when other meetings do not interfere, every Sunday. Our hall is free to all classes of speakers when not occupied by the society for a conference or business meeting.

Christians have shed more blood than would be required to float the navies of the world, to establish their moral religious teachings—such as, you must believe in their God, devil, Christ as the Savior of the world, God's word and His laws and commands, as they interpret them, and church ordinances and priestly and popish despotisms, as moral and divine beings or institutions.

We have considered in conference the questions of God and evil, or devil, and the formation of the world and man, and have concluded what is known and unknown on those subjects, and will put our conclusions before the readers of your excellent paper if it is deemed best, and try to stop Spiritualists from slandering each other about their moral opinions and acts, until a just system is agreed upon by which they may be judged; and be in our laws, "Wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

Your truly, H. S. BROWN, M. D.,  
 527 Milwaukee street.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 7, 1874.

**A MURDERER PURSUED BY HIS VICTIM'S GHOST.**

The New Orleans *Picayune* says: There are few cases of mania exhibiting such peculiar features as that of a Mr. Spencer, living on Louisa street, in this city. Some years ago he engaged in a difficulty with a man named Hunt, whom he killed. They had been friends from their boyhood, and up to the day of the fatal affray had never felt for each other aught but friendship and kindness. It is said of them, too, that they had shared many perils, and bonds of sympathy linked them by stronger ties than usually cements ordinary friends. But a trifling dispute occurred, and in a moment of intemperate passion the fatal thrust was given, and his old friend lay dead at his feet. His horror at the homicide threw him into a fever, of which he came near dying. For months he hovered on the verge of the grave, and when he at last recovered it was with the impression that the ghost of his friend, clad in grave clothes, was ever at his side. His mind, rational upon every other subject, clings to this delusion and no persuasion or reason can remove the impression or cure him of the mania. It goes with him to his business, which he conducts with the same sagacity and skill that he ever did. It sits with him in his family circle; is by his side in the street, and lies down with him when he goes to bed at night. He often converses with it, and imagines that he receives replies to his questionings. He says for years the ghost maintained toward him a stern aspect, refusing all conciliation, but of late years it has assumed toward him a more friendly demeanor. He believes it will go with him through life, as a penance for his crime. The law acquitted him, but this is the judgment of heaven.

**BENEFITS OF OPPOSITION TO SPIRITUALISM.**

A correspondent of *The Times* feels called upon to become quite indignant over the assertion of Tyndall, that, in the middle ages, "an exercise of a phantasy, almost as degrading as the Spiritualism of the present day, took the place of scientific speculation." This may seem very severe; and it undoubtedly is, when considered as coming from a man who has the substantial acquirements possessed by Tyndall.

This matter, however, has another aspect, and which seems to be quite overlooked by those who object to Tyndall's expression of his opinion as to the character of Spiritualism. This is, that such an expression of opinion is not merely of value, but it is complimentary to the subject thus condemned. It is complimentary for the reason that it proves Spiritualism to occupy a position in which it has become a subject of note to one of the greatest thinkers of the age. Were it where it was five or ten years after its first practical manifestation in Rochester, does any one suppose that Tyndall would have thought it of sufficient importance to merit an allusion of any kind? Certainly not. His condemnation of it is the very best possible proof of its magnitude and importance. A precisely parallel case is seen in the treatment of Christianity by the same great thinker. He is equally pronounced in his denunciation of the teachings of religion. He has definitely proposed the prayer gauge; he asserts that it is matter which thinks; and the will, the thinking principle, he asserts to be no more than an entirely fortuitous combination of certain fluidic atoms. Does any one fancy that he would thus attack Christianity were it not that Christianity occupies a commanding position? Does he not directly, by these attacks, certify in the most positive manner as to the importance of the system which he thus so often and so pointedly condemns? Ships-of-war do not discharge her great guns at sea-gulls, but only at objects whose magnitude and ability for offensive operations are somewhat commensurate with those possessed by themselves.

The value of such attacks is as easily demonstrated as is their complimentary character. The fact of an attack necessitates a defense; and every defense of Spiritualism—if the system be the truth—will have the effect to make it stronger. An assault upon a fortress either has the effect to prove its entire impregnability or its worthlessness; or it may have an intermediate, and at the same time a very beneficial result in showing its weak points. In any of these cases the consequence is of value. An attack is of value to Spiritualism if it shows it to be impregnable, or shows its weak points, so that they may be strengthened. It is of value to truth if it annihilates Spiritualism by demonstrating it to be wholly incapable of defense.

Few of the stable institutions of the world's history have succeeded in attaining their secure eminence without opposition; and it has generally been the case that their growth and final strength have been in proportion to the opposition which they encountered. One may almost doubt that Christianity would ever have survived its first century, or ever extended beyond the cradle of its birth, had it not been for the persecution which it fortunately met with, and which rapidly forced it into a luxuriant and vigorous growth. The old anti-slavery party of this country owed quite as much to the extended and often murderous opposition which it encountered in its infancy as it did to any inherent excellence in its principles. One may be quite certain that the Reformation in Europe would never have survived a second generation had it not been racked, burnt, and thumb-screwed into prominence by its enemies.

Intellectual opposition has the same effect upon any system based on truth. The believers in Spiritualism, if confident of the truth of their faith, should welcome all opposition and attack, especially from men like Tyndall. The more powerful the assault the more reason have the beleaguered to congratulate themselves upon their importance in necessitating such formidable preparations, and the more jubilant will they be in case they succeed in maintaining their position.—*Chicago Times*.

A physician of the London Board of Health has put on record a prediction that a severe epidemic of scarlet fever will prevail in that city, commencing in the winter of 1874-5, and probably lasting till March, 1876, but reaching its highest mortality in November, 1875. He makes this prophecy because he believes that these visitations of scarlet fever are regular in their appearance at certain intervals, and that sanitary measures can only modify their intensity and mortality. He also says that the predicted epidemic will extend over the whole of England. "The wave," he said, "would pass over the entire country, but possibly might be two or three years in doing so. All localities would not be attacked at the same time." The *Pall Mall Gazette* seems to credit this statement, and while hoping that the gloomy prediction may not be verified, says in the meantime it will only be prudent to take precautions to prevent, if not the outbreak of the general epidemic prophesied, at least its spread.

A CLERICAL SCANDAL.—A Roman Catholic priest at Meersburg, near Constance, has been condemned on appeal to ten days imprisonment for teaching the school children some scurrilous lines he had composed on a Jewish manufacturer. A nun, a teacher and witness of his, was condemned to two months' imprisonment for perjury.



# ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN FRANCE.

An interesting archaeological discovery has, according to the French newspapers, been recently made near Mount St. Odile, at Obernai, lower Rhine, by M. Felix Voulot, an Alsatian archaeologist. On excavating a slight eminence resembling an ordinary heap of stones within the area of the ruins known as the Heathens' wall (Heidenmauer) he came upon six sarcophagi, which afforded, it is said, incontestable evidence of burial before the Roman period. In one of the sarcophagi was found a sharp stone hatchet, while the others contained objects characteristic of the age of stone and bronze. Two graves, dug like the Scandinavian sepulchres, in the form of a die, which seemed to be intended to receive bodies in a sitting posture, contained the fragments of a skull of extraordinary thickness and also portions of a massive silver ring. But the most important discovery was that of a coffin, about six feet long, in which was the complete skeleton of a man. From the ornaments found with him it is conjectured that he was a Gallic priest. The ornaments consist of a collar, artistically made of yellow amber, lapis-lazuli, and glass beads; large gold and silver earrings, an iron knife, an amulet of baked earth, a stone hatchet similar to those which, according to the descriptions given by the ancients, were carried by the Druids; a handsome glass vessel, supposed to be a sacrificial cup; shoes richly adorned with gold and silver; and a gold ring covered with hieroglyphics and in an excellent state of preservation. On pursuing his investigations at the foot of Mount Goxwiller, M. Voulot came upon the remains, in great abundance, of a similar race; and from the condition of many skulls which he found, and the presence of warlike implements, he was led to infer that he was upon the scene of some early struggle of the Celtic and German races. The result of the discoveries in regard to the Heidenmauer is said to prove that it dates not only before the Romans, but before the Celts, whom they conquered.

## FANATICISM IN RUSSIA.

A correspondent writes to *The Pall Mall Gazette*: A strange story has reached Memel, in East Prussia, from Russia. In Warno, a Russian town, a male servant suddenly disappeared from the house of his employer, a Roman Catholic priest, and it did not occur to anybody that he, like many others, might have run away to escape from military service, to which, according to the new regulations of Russia, every young man on reaching his twentieth year is liable. The priest told his congregation that the absentee had presented himself to him in a dream, covered with awful gashes, and related to him that the Jews had murdered him and had sent his blood to Jerusalem. The Jewish townspeople, in consequence of this ridiculous statement, are in danger of being murdered. The petty magnates of the town do not stir in the matter, and leave the mob to determine the case as may be thought proper. The governor of the province, who has been applied to, takes no notice of the dangerous accusation. As a natural consequence, a violent attack was made on a Jewish dealer who had ventured to quit the town. The poor fellow has received such injuries that his life is despaired of.

**ADVANTAGE OF LAW.**—A farmer cut down a tree which stood so near the boundary line of his farm that it was doubtful whether it belonged to him or his neighbor. The neighbor, however, claimed the tree, and prosecuted the man who cut it for damages. The case was continued from court to court. Time and money wasted, temper soured and temper lost, but the case was gained by the prosecutor. The last of the transaction was, the man who gained the cause came to a lawyer to execute the deed of his whole farm, which he had been compelled to sell to pay its costs! Then houseless and homeless, he could thrust his hands into his pockets, and triumphantly exclaim—"I've beaten him!"

The Juggernaut car festival, held at Serampore, India, in July, passed off without loss of life. The city authorities seized the large car, which was rotten, and held it until the pilgrims had repaired it. So "for the first time within the memory of man," according to *The Pairrot*, "the sacred car was not drawn on the night of the festival." The crowd was small and not very enthusiastic. It might here be stated that *The Friend of India*, which was founded by the Serampore missionaries, and which is one of the leading papers of the country, has recently changed its editor. This announcement is said to give great satisfaction to the friends of disestablishment in India.

An Illinois family lived on pudding and milk for two weeks, and thereby saved \$7 to get a plume for the mother's winter hat.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

Will hold their Tenth Quarterly Meeting in Grow's Opera Hall, 517 West Madison street, Chicago, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of January, 1875. The Convention will be called to order at 10 o'clock on Friday morning, January 8th, and continue over Sunday, the 10th.

The Convention will be conducted under strict parliamentary usages. We invite written articles on Spiritualism, and subjects germane to humanity, to be forwarded to us to be read before our society.

The best talent in the land will be present, including seers, speakers, healers, writing and physical mediums.

Spiritualists of the West, come to this Convention. Let us make it the Convention of the West. Remember our platform is a free one, and speakers will find themselves untrammelled.

O. J. HOWARD, M. D., President.  
E. V. WILSON, Secretary.  
Lombard, Ill., Nov. 30, 1874.

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BY M. EMERSON WILSON.

Letters and communications for this department must be addressed to *M. Emerson Wilson, Lombard, Illinois*. Mothers, sisters, friends, one and all, send us *living truths*, life experiences of your own souls, and let us live our real selves, our inner life, and seem and be to each other what we really are.

### INCIDENTS OF THE HOME CIRCLE.

ISA, MEDIUM.

Turning to us, she said: "I see by you an old man; he is in his shirt sleeves; is bald-headed and rather feeble. He is on a shoemaker's bench, and says his name is Cox, and he can make as good a shoe now as when in earth-life. He says he knew you when a boy." There were several present who had known us for over a quarter of a century. Several asked us what we knew of the shoemaker. We answered: "Did any of you ever hear us say anything about this old man, or our undertaking to learn the shoemaking business?" The answer from all came, "No." Well, in the summer of 1836, we formed the acquaintance of an old man by the name of Cox, who took a liking to us, and offered to teach us the mystery of shoemaking, mending, and general repairing. In the month of August, thirty-eight years ago, we articulated to Samuel Cox, of Indiana, as apprentice to the shoe and boot trade, and worked with him for some six weeks; was taken sick and given up to die. The wife of the man was a sort of scold and vixen, and compelled the man to send us to the hospital, to get rid of caring for us. A few days later Cox was taken sick and died. When we were able to work again our calling as shoemaker was at an end. We knew this old man, and all Isa has said is correct.

Again she said: "There is with you an old woman; she is tall, very dark, almost African; she lived in a log hut or cabin on the bank of a river; her hair is kinky and of a dirty gray; long, and hangs loose around her head and shoulders. The river looks dark, the water being almost black; it is sluggish and deep; there are two rivers coming together, the one on the left looking up stream, is much larger than the other where they come together, and the old hut is on the right side of the smaller stream." Do you remember this woman and the scene? "Yes, very well; the whole scene is fresh in our mind's vision, and old Delilia is not readily forgotten; many a time have we been at this shanty where she lived; only we think, Isa, that you have drawn the picture rather full; she was not as hard looking as you have made her."

### THE GREAT CRIME.

BY SARA B. CHASE, A. B., M. D.

I have no fear of contradiction when I enunciate the proposition that marriage is a divinely appointed institution, established for the perpetuation of the race, and any deviation from the grand principles by which this institution is governed, and any violation of the immutable laws laid down by nature to secure the end designed in its establishment, is followed by consequences of the most serious character and penalties from which there is no redemption. To the members of the medical profession, made daily cognizant of the appalling tragedies which are being committed on every hand in the insane attempts to escape the natural physical results of the marriage union, the subject has become one of absorbing interest; and, in view of the startling facts presented, it is no wonder that conscientious physicians with earnest solicitude should ask the question: "What can be done to arrest the tidal wave of crime which in a constantly increasing ratio is pouring in upon our American population?"

It were vain to repeat what we already know, or what we may see by simply opening our eyes. The prevalence of this crime is co-extensive with American society, and it only requires a little observation to be entirely convinced of the fact. It were vain also to curdle the blood with the recital of the horror incident upon this wholesale murder of the innocents. If we cannot in some manner reach the consciousness of humanity, and thus open a way of escape from the evils which are descending like a blighting mildew upon our civilization, what were denunciation or legislation?

That we may see where we stand, and the real causes which foster this monstrous evil, let us place the spade at the roots of the social tree, and dig down to its tiniest rootlets and

bring forth to view the worm which is sapping its life flow and threatening its very existence. We will not consider this subject in connection with the unfortunate who are driven by an unregenerate public to abortion, as the least evil to be chosen between the alternative of crime, and cruel, persistent, soul-crushing unchristian ostracism, but will confine ourselves to its consideration as found in its universal prevalence among the married in our Protestant American society. Here among the educated and refined, and where we should naturally expect that the inculcation of Christian principles would render the soul incapable of so base a crime, we find its greatest prevalence.

There are two classes of women guilty of this practice, two classes of sentiment fostering it. The one class is fashionable lovers of ease and pleasure, who crush the holy maternal instinct implanted in their nature, that they may be untrammelled in the pursuit of the intoxicating, yet unsatisfying gayeties of society, or the selfish comforts of indolence. For this class I have not one word to say in extenuation of their impious violation of the laws of nature and of God. The consequences which come to them as the result of their wrong doings are eminently deserved.

What depravity! what degradation of soul is here brought to view! I turn from these with contempt. Shall I say it? or rather, shall I grieve with pitying sorrow that humanity, with its noble aspirations, and womanhood, with its sublime and grand possibilities, should fall so low?

But there is a second class that largely outnumber all others put together, which may well elicit our regretful sympathies—women who desire no more children because of sickness, or poverty, or from unhappy domestic relations feel that they are unprepared lovingly to welcome the burdens and responsibilities of a desired maternity. There comes from my soul a deep wail of anguish over the unwritten and inexpressible agony which has here sought relief from its woes.

While we acknowledge suicide to be a crime, and the suicide to be a criminal before high heaven, do not our hearts go out in sympathy for the sorrow with which that soul has silently struggled, whose anguish was so overwhelming as to impel and enable her to deprive herself, with her own hand, of that dearest object to which all animate nature clings with instinctive tenacity? And shall we not contemplate with tearful sympathy the sorrows of these women—and their name is legion—who can bring their pure souls to the perpetration of a crime so revolting and unnatural?

The one great underlying cause which fosters this evil more than all other causes combined, is the want of the recognition of one important truth—one which, by future generations, and in the millennial era of the world must and will be pre-eminently acknowledged as an unquestioned truth, viz.: that she who is the continued originator of the race, she whose power and influence for weal or woe must be handed down through her posterity during all coming time, shall be granted the inalienable, indisputable right to determine for herself when she can lovingly take upon herself the responsibilities of maternity.

The ovum belongs to the mother. She alone has the right to decide whether it shall be impregnated; and in the consciousness of this inherent right, to have maternity forced upon her unwilling nature, unasked and abhorred, can it be a matter of astonishment that she revolts at this hated intrusion, and in very desperation seeks to relieve herself of the consequences of this violation of the dignity of her being? Her prayers and entreaties to be spared from an unloved and undesired maternity have been disregarded, and then we are absurd enough to try to convince her that it is her *wifely duty* to submit; as though marriage involved self-abnegation and submission on the part of the wife—immolation upon the altar of the unrestrained passions of man. Here is the rock upon which we are stranded; and until the *divinity* of marriage is comprehended, until maternal love, reciprocity, and the blending of souls in a spiritual union shall be the basis upon which this holiest of all sacraments is founded, there is no power which can arrest the tide of evil and corruption which now flows in upon the moral universe.

However much, therefore, we deplore the increasing prevalence of this crime of feticide, and array ourselves in antagonism against it, we can have no sanguine hopes of any permanent success in eradicating it from society, either by expostulation, denunciation, or legislation, until the laws of human evolution shall have extended to that point wherein the queenhood of woman's nature shall be recognized in maternity.

The abhorrence of the paternal relation, which has, in modern times become almost a mania in the community, must give way under the benign influence of liberty and equality to the natural and hallowed institution, desire for offspring.

Is it not then our duty, while we are endeavoring to arouse public sentiment against this popularized evil, at the same time to inculcate those philosophic and scientific principles which will strike at the root of this gigantic "upas," and thus eradicate the causes which foster its growth?—*Herald of Health*.

You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, and not by the power of those which subdue him; and hence compulsion is very often the highest result of strength.

## Science.

The publication of a new work on the moon has given Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, the well-known astronomer, occasion to express his views as to the causes of the volcanic activity which observation shows to have taken place in the moon. He believes these causes to be exactly similar to those which have occasioned volcanic changes upon our earth. As, in that event, both air and water must have existed upon the moon, Mr. Lockyer rejects the theory of the non-existence of a lunar atmosphere, and argues that it is as unnecessary as it is unphilosophical to suppose that there never was such an atmosphere "because there is only a tenuous one at best now."

The German professor of physiology in the Royal Superior Institute of Florence, Herr Moritz Schiff, has been indicted for nuisance in one of the civil courts of the city, for torturing animals so that their screams disturb the residents near the Physiological Museum. It appears that he is carrying on experiments in this building in which vivisection is practised on a large scale, the dogs, cats, and other creatures which come as living victims under his scalpel being caught in the street by the police who furnish them to the professor. These practices are violently denounced, and in this case there has probably been unnecessary cruelty; but while science tends, as we believe, toward an increased regard for the feelings of animals and greater tenderness toward all inferior creatures, it maintains that men are justified in inflicting pain on animals for the sake of good to mankind.

The new president of the Royal Society, Dr. Joseph Dalton Hooker, is the first botanist who has been elected to that office in many years. So honorable is the position esteemed that it has been called the throne of science. Dr. Hooker is fifty-seven years old. He was assistant-surgeon on the ship *Erebus*, in Ross's celebrated expedition to the South Pole, and he subsequently made a botanical exploration of the Himalaya mountains. His works on the Antarctic and Himalayan floras are among the foremost botanical works of this century. He has been assistant-director and director of the well-known garden at Kew, near London, for about eighteen years past. A few years ago he visited Morocco, and explored the flora of the Atlas mountains. His last botanical predecessor in the chair of the Royal Society, if we may believe the English journals, was Sir Joseph Banks, the distinguished friend to travelers, who was elected in 1777 and held the office forty-two years.

The recent reports that human relics had been found by officers of the Northern Pacific Railroad, in the mounds which are so numerous on the prairies in the region of Puget's Sound, prove to be untrue; and Professor Le Conte, of the University of California, says that nothing indicating artificial origin has ever been discovered in them. There are millions of these mounds, from three to four feet in height, and from thirty to forty feet in diameter at the base, apparently perfectly regular in size, shape, and position, and so closely placed that there is no level space between them. It has been suggested that they were burial mounds of the Indians, or elevations on which the savages erected their huts; some, indeed, suppose them to have been made by fish, when the prairies on which they stand were the bottoms of shallow inlets. Professor Le Conte reviews the various hypotheses in *Silliman's Journal*, and states as his own conclusion that these mounds were produced solely by the action of natural forces, being the result of surface-erosion under peculiar conditions.

A discovery of no little interest has been made by Mr. Ranyard, one of the secretaries of the Royal Astronomical Society. He has been studying the photographs taken in India of the total eclipse of the sun which occurred on December 12, 1871. In examining these pictures, his attention was recently attracted to a bright spot situated near the eastern limb of the sun, and hitherto regarded as a photographic flaw. To his surprise, this spot could be detected not only on all of Lord Lindsay's series of negatives, taken at Baikul, but also on every one obtained by Colonel Tennant at Ootacamund. Mr. Ranyard believes that it represents a large but faint comet, close to the sun.

An interesting note on subterranean fishes in California is communicated to one of the editors of *Silliman's Journal* by Mr. A. W. Chase. An artesian well has recently been sunk on the beach at San Buenaventura five feet from high water mark. At a depth of one hundred and forty-three feet a strong flow of water was obtained, spouting thirty feet above ground. One day some fish were noticed in the waste water, and an examination of the well revealed the fact that it was filled with young trout. They were perfectly developed, eyes and all, and measured about two inches in length. Thousands of them were thrown out by each jet. The temperature of the well water is sixty-four degrees Fahr. It is conjectured that the fish may have come from the headwaters of the Santa Clara river by some subterranean outlet; that stream itself is several miles distant from the well.

The wise man changes his mind; the ignorant will not. The former will acknowledge his error and correct it; but the pertinacity with which the latter adheres to his opinion always bears a just proportion to his ignorance.

## Saws and Straus.

The fourth of a man—A quarter-master.

Voices of the night—The dogs that bark.

The lap of luxury—A cat enjoying her milk.

Welsh equivalent for sea aquarium—Llan-fairwylgwyngyl.

Of all the birds that please us with their lays, the most popular is the hen.

A good day to work in and a good day to play in, a good day for anything good. Good day!—*N. Y. Mail*.

An auctioneer once advertised a lot of chairs, which, he said, had been "used by school children without backs."

It was a bright boy who told his teacher that there were three sects—the male sex, the female sex, and the insects.

It was a fine remark of an Irish vender of potatoes, the other day, "These parathies are parathier than any parathies ye ever saw."

A grocer in the suburbs, when complained to about selling bad eggs, said, "At this time of the year the hens are not well, and often lay bad eggs."

Philosophers say that closing the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many eyes that close in our churches on Sundays.

A conductor on a West Side street car, who works from 6 in the morning till 11 at night, was formerly a capitalist in New York, and spent his winters South and his summers North.

When a little boy, who was watching a blacksmith shoe his father's horse, saw the workman begin to pare the horse's hoof, he exclaimed: "My pa don't want his horse made any smaller."

They have in Milwaukee just now what they call "the Taylor scandal." But as there is no woman mixed up in it, of course it is unworthy the attention of any Christian community.—*Courier-Journal*.

Paris had a marriage the other day of the Tom Thumb and Minnie Warren class, but with more drollery in it. The husband is a dwarf, forty inches in height, and the wife a giantess of six feet six.

This is the way the Indian magistrates of Natick used to issue their warrants: "You, you big constable, quick you catchum Jeremiah Offscow, strong you holdum, safe you bringum afore me. Thomas Waban, justice peace."

A keen-witted servant girl in Troy told the milkman that he gave his cows too much salt. "How do you know that?" said the lacteal. "Sure, I can tell by the milk that they drink too much water entirely!" said the girl. The milkman drove off in a hurry.

An English clergyman exclaimed, in a company of his fellow preachers, "Ah, well, there is only one thing in our ministrations more trying to me than preaching." "Indeed!" they said, "and what may that be?" "Hearing any one else preach," he replied.

A Missouri clergyman, riding along, told the seven men under a shade tree to "put up their kerds an' go to thinking about religion," but they laughed at him. Along came a thunder storm pretty soon, and a flash killed the whole—no, killed the preacher, and the seven sinners escaped.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Grammarians will find it a good exercise to parse the *thats* which follow:

Now *that* is a word which may often be joined,  
For *that* that may be doubled is clear to my mind.  
And *that* that *that* is right is plain to the view,  
And *that* that *that* that we use, is rightly used too,  
And *that* that *that* that *that* line has it, is right,  
In accordance to grammar is plain in our sight.

James Briggs and wife, of Kansas City, are a loving couple. James asked his duck of a wife, on the first day of March, to put some wood in the stove, and she wouldn't, and so he wouldn't, and they both wouldn't ever since. What a saving of fuel where love burns so bright and warm on the family altar.

"Misther! misther! what have ye done?" said a native of Wicklow to an Englishman who had just tied his horse to a telegraph pole on the street. "Well, Pat, what's the murder?" "Jist this, yer honor; ye've hitched your horse to the magnetic telegraph, and ye'll be in Dublin in two minutes if you don't look out."

"The marvelous multitudinousness of the minutiae of the corroborating circumstances are the insurmountable difficulties which unmistakably prevent the skeptic from discovering truth." That is what a Pittsburgh minister said, the other day, and they had the impudence to pretend that he came from Boston.—*Boston Globe*.

"C sharp, or you'll B flat," said one musical gentleman to another, as they parted on a recent dark night. "In the case of the alternative," responded the man addressed, "I should come down on the base, and there'd be ten or twelve bruises on my body. That would be a descending scale, wouldn't it?" "Hold! hold! a minute," put in the other—"but (hesitating) a won't raise your pitch with any more squibs to-night; so-pra-no more of yours!" Then he went into the house and turned the key.